



THE
EARL OF DOUGLAS,
AN
ENGLISH STORY.

VOL. III.



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T H E
EARL OF DOUGLAS,
A N
ENGLISH STORY.
FROM THE
F R E N C H.
OF THE
COUNTESS D'ANOIS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

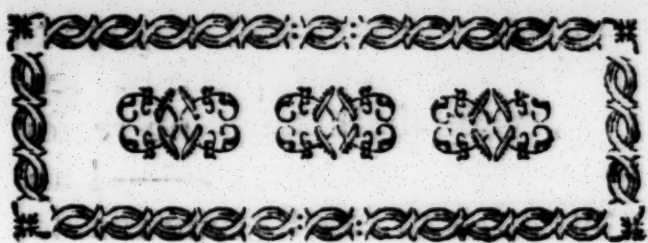
BY THE TRANSLATOR OF
DORVAL; OBSERVATIONS ON THE
GREEKS; CHRISTIANA, QUEEN
OF SWEDEN, &c. &c.

VOL. III.

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T H E
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HYPPOLITUS had no power to interrupt the painter's harangue; the emotions of his soul were such as scarce allowed him to credit the truth of what he heard. At length, with a deep sigh, if your fidelity is to be depended upon, said he to the
Vol. III. B painter,

painter, and you will engage to do me a material piece of service, you shall have no reason to repent your walk:—I am grateful, and my fortune enables me to reward my friends;—but I must insist on the promise of inviolable secrecy. The painter concluding he would have him to take a likeness of some lady at *Bourbon*, who had captivated his heart, answered, not a day passed without putting his fidelity to the proof! and no person had ever reason to complain on that article.—He assured him his conception was so lively and retentive, that only seeing a face once, he would engage to trace every line in it;—or even should that be impossible, his imagination could catch the features by description, so accurately as to give a very strong resemblance!

Hyp.

Hyppolitus could not forbear smiling at the painter's opinion of the extent of his genius. The business in agitation, he replied, has no relation to your skill as an artist, but to your inclination to take me with you to St. Menoux; a difficulty that does not appear insurmountable, as I am totally unknown there, and am qualified from my knowledge in design to acquit myself without any embarrassment. You have only to say I am of *Italy*;—agree to work for the abbess on her own terms;—give yourself no farther trouble, but leave the rest to me.—The painter was unwilling to refuse an advantageous proposal that gratified his avarice without any dangerous consequences, as far at least as he could perceive.

THE scheme was no sooner planned than executed.—They set out in a coach for the abbey that afternoon, as *Hyppolitus* could not yet bear the motion of a horse. He left his servants at *Bourbon*, and changed his cloaths for a suit no way remarkable, assuming the name of Signior *Jeronymo*.

No time was lost upon the road;—he ordered the coachman to drive with all possible expedition.—*Cupid* was his postillion, who added wings to his horses.—Yet *Hyppolitus* was seized with such a tremor when they alighted, as rendered him almost incapable of entering the parlour, where the abbess came to speak to the painter. She enquired who his companion was, which was natural enough, for
inspite

in spite of the studied simplicity of his dress and manners, there was a gracefulness of mein,—a symmetry of features,—with the most engaging expression of countenance,—that at first sight struck every beholder with awe and admiration.—The painter coldly replied an *Italian*, who was very fond of the art, and had worked with him some time.—The abbess told him she had a mind he should draw her picture, and would sit the next day;—assuring him she had employment enough for them both for a twelvemonth.

THERE required a communication so agreeable to comfort *Hyppolitus* under the disappointment of not seeing *Julia*. He rose the next morning before day-break, and insisted on

the painter's doing the same ;
——an impatience which did
not appear to him extraordinary, as he was convinced
his patron had some very important reasons for coming to St.
Menoux. The abbess had no
sooner breakfasted than she sent
for them into the convent.——
The eyes of *Hyppolitus* searched
in vain for *Julia*. His impetu-
osity tempted him to fly through
every apartment to find her, and
his heart suffered the most cruel
agitation from the necessity he
was under of concealing it from
the eye of observation. He ever
feared the effect his unexpected
presence might have on *Julia*,
and lest her unguarded transports
should betray the secret. When
they were retired into the cabi-
net, the abbess seated herself in
the attitude she thought most be-
coming ;

OF DOUGLAS. 7

coming; and *Hyppolitus*, to give himself the appearance of employment, began to grind and mix the colours. — It is true, he performed this task rather awkwardly, for want of knowing the exact rules; to seem occupied was sufficient. Alas! how did his thoughts wander! and how tedious were the hours of expectation! As the ceremony of sitting to a painter has something formally tedious in it, the abbess began to lose that air of cheerfulness which she fancied essential to the beauty of her portrait. I have heard, said she, painters generally abound in entertaining anecdotes, and tales that relax the features of the face they are drawing. But you have not said a word to divert my imagination, and I feel myself growing horribly serious, for want of some amusing

THE EARL

musings recital: I am too much engrossed, madam, said *Cardini*, which was the name of the painter, with catching a pleasing likeness, and expressing it properly, to think of any subject of amusement, nor indeed have I liveliness of fancy to shine in conversation; but here is *Jeronimo*, whom I keep purposely to divert the ladies with a thousand pleasant narratives, that he is furnished with, if you will give him leave to address you, I dare say, madam, you will not repent the condescension. Begin *Jeronimo*, said the abbess, with an encouraging look, since *Cardini* appoints you his deputy. *Hypopolitus* blushed at this malicious turn of the painter's, and was so little disposed for conversation, that he could only answer with hesitation and reserve, he did not
im-

immediately recollect any thing that would entertain her. The abbess redoubled her entreaties in a manner so pressing, he feared to incur her displeasure by an obstinate silence, which might banish him for ever from the place that contained the dear object of his vows. Exerting all his presence of mind, he endeavoured to recollect the particulars of a *Fairy Tale* he had somewhere read, and which he repeated in the most graceful accent.

RUSSIA is situated in a climate that excludes its inhabitants from the free enjoyment of those delightful days common in temperate regions. The mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and the trees so incrustated with icicles, that when the sun
glitters

glitters on their tops, they appear to the eye immense forests of crystal. The roaring of bears is so horrible, and to hunt these formidable animals is regarded by the natives as the most noble and honourable occupation.——

This country was in former ages governed by a young king, named *Adolphus*, whose happy natural disposition, beauty, politeness, and understanding, were so superior to the rest of his countrymen, that it was scarce credible so accomplished a prince should be born in so rude and uncultivated a soil. He had not seen twenty years when he was obliged to support a powerful attack from a neighbouring kingdom, where he gave proofs of intrepidity and conduct. Though he suffered his troops to repose after the fatigues of a campaign, he refused

to

to allow himself the same indulgence; but pursued with avidity the dangerous hunting of the bear. One day he was pursuing this diversion with a splendid retinue of courtiers, he was so transported with ardour for the chase, that springing forward into the midst of the forest, he left all his attendants at a distance; and the road dividing different ways, was soon lost: foreseeing his error too late,——night approached;——the clouds threatened an impending storm. spurring his horse till he gained a large opening in the wood, he sounded his horn, in hopes it might reach the ears of the hunters, but in vain! The faint gleam of day that remained, suddenly became more dark than midnight, objects were only discernable by flashes of lightening, whilst

whilst the roaring of the thunder and a violent torrent of hail and rain, added to the horror of the scene.——The king endeavoured to find shelter under some large pines, but was forced to quit his retreat to avoid the inundation, both above and below; seeking safety from this dreadful tempest, he with great fatigue and labour gained the open field, but found himself still more exposed to the fury of the storm; casting his eyes on every side, he at length saw a light from a distant eminence,——turning his feet that way, he with infinite pains arrived at the foot of an almost inaccessible mount, whose broken fragments formed numberless precipices in the ascent. Leading his horse sometimes; at others mounting him, after more than two hours toil he approached
the

the mouth of a large cavern, from whence the light issued that had encouraged his pursuit: he hesitated a little before he proceeded farther, apprehending this to be the retreat of some notorious robbers who then ravaged the country, and might rob and murder him without danger of discovery. But as the hearts of monarchs are composed of particles more magnanimous and undaunted than those of common mortals, he reproached himself for his timidity, and entered the cavern, his hand upon his sword, determined to defend his life in case of an attack. The chillness of the cavern almost froze his blood.

THE noise he made brought a female, whose grey hair and wrinkled visage; spoke her far

vanced in years, from the hollow of the rock. She testified the greatest astonishment, in accosting him:—you are, said she, the first mortal I ever beheld in this place!—Do you know, my lord, to whom it appertains?—Indeed, my good woman, I am totally ignorant. It is, pursued she, the cavern of *Ælous*, god of the winds.—Here he retires with his numerous progeny, I am their mother, and you find me alone, because they are every one employed in his separate department to dispense blessings or misfortunes in the world, according to the will of *Jove*. But she continued, you seem drenched with rain: I will instantly kindle a fire to dry you. What troubles me is, that you will find but bad entertainment.—The winds make light repasts:—men have occasions

occasion for more substantial aliments.

THE king thanked her for so hospitable a reception, drawing near the fire which was lighted in a moment, by the breath of a western gale, who preceded his brethren the *North East*, and several of the northern blasts: *Æolus* soon appeared, attended by *Boreas*, *Auster*, *Eaurus*, &c. all dripping wet;—their cheeks swelled;—their hair disordered;—their manners rough and boisterous; and when they spoke, the prince was almost chilled with their breath.—One recounted his dispersing of a naval armament;—another, the many vessels he had sunk;—a third, the care he had taken to preserve a fleet of merchant-ships from falling into the hands of the *Cor-*

fairs.—Several speaking at once of rooting up trees, overturning buildings and walls;—each vaunting his own exploits.—The old woman listened to their tales.—but, on a sudden she discovered the utmost inquietude:—you bring no tidings of my son *Zephyrus*?—It is late, and I confess my anxiety that he is not returned?—All declared they had seen nothing of their brother.

WHEN *Adolphus* perceived at the entrance of the cavern a young boy, beautiful as *Love* is painted! The white plumage of his wings shaded with the blush of roses, was so transparently delicate, as to be agitated by the slightest breeze.—His fair hair flowed in graceful ringlets over his shoulders, negligently charming.—

His

His bow was encircled with
 a garland of jassamine and roses;
 —his air, smiling, sportive
 and delightful!

WHERE have you been, little
 libertine, cried the old woman,
 in a mingled tone of joy and an-
 ger;—all your brothers are
 here before you!—You, alone,
 pursue the dictates of a roving
 fancy, regardless of the pangs
 you make me suffer.—My dear
 mother, replied *Zephyrus*, I was
 sorry to stay out so late, because I
 feared you would take it ill;—
 but I have been paying a visit to
 the Princess *Felicia*.—I found
 her walking in her garden, sur-
 rounded by her nymphs.—One
 formed a wreath of flowers for
 her hair, another reclined upon
 a mossy carpet modestly uncover-
 ed part of her neck, to leave me

the liberty of stealing a kiss;—
some danced in parties;—o-
thers sung to the melody of flutes
—The fairest princeſs in the
world was in a grove of orange
trees;—my breath fanned the
ſunbeams from her lips, playing
at thouſand ſportive gambols
round her, and pertly liſting up
her ſnowy veil.—*Zephyr*, ſaid
ſhe, in the ſweeteſt voice ima-
ginable,—how agreeably re-
freſhing I find thee!—What
pleaſure thou giveſt me! ſo long
as thou art preſent, I ſhall con-
tinue to walk.—I confeſs theſe
flattering expreſſions from a
mouth ſo charming, quite en-
chanted me, and I was ſo little
maſter of myſelf, that I could
never have ſummoned a reſolu-
tion to leave her, but from the
apprehenſion of your diſpleaſure.

ADOL-

ADOLPHUS hearkened to this recital with such extreme satisfaction, that he regretted its being finished. Permit me amiable youth, said he, to ask in what country the princess reigns of whom you have been speaking? In the island of *Felicity*, my lord, answered *Zephyrus*, a country inaccessible to mortals.

—Crouds are ever in search of it; but such is the lot of humanity, they never yet could find it.—They make fruitless voyages round the coast, nay, sometimes flatter themselves with having gained the port of *Felicity*, when driven by the tempests into some small bay, or creak, they enjoy a short interval of calm repose!—I have known several persons desirous to fix their abode in those little isles that encircle the great one, and
are

are infinitely inferior in beauty ; but these are floating, and soon vanish from the sight ;—and that restless inquietude which will not suffer mortals long to enjoy, ever the shadows of tranquillity, impells them again into the ocean, where I every day see men of distinguished merit perish.—The king asked several other questions, which *Zephyrus* answered with great veracity and good sense.

It was extremely late, and their careful mother commanded her children to retire to their cells.—*Zephyrus* offered the king part of his little bed ; which was more commodiously situated and warmer than the other concavities in the rock. The bed was of turf, sprinkled with aromatic flowers. *Adolphus* threw himself

himself by the side of *Zephyrus*, not to sleep but to interrupt him still farther about the princess *Felicia*: how you inflame my curiosity to see this transcendent beauty! said he to *Zephyrus*.—Is it a thing so absolutely impossible, that with your assistance it cannot be obtained?—*Zephyrus* represented the amazing danger of the enterprize; but at length told him if he had courage enough to trust such a conveyance, he thought he could contrive to bear him on his wings through the ærial regions to this land of *Felicity*. I will give you a mantle, which, when you turn the green side outward, will render you invisible, which is a very necessary precaution to preserve you from terrible monsters that guard the island; who, should they discern you, brave
as

as you are! your life may fall a sacrifice, or, fascinated by their power;—existence be considered as a curse. *Adolphus* was so eager to undertake this perilous adventure,—that indifferent to and fearless of danger, he accordingly accepted the offer of *Zephyrus*.

SCARCELY had *Aurora* in her pearly car, with rosy finger, unbarred the gates of *Heaven*, when the impatient monarch of *Russia* waked his friend *Zephyrus*, who was a little drowsy: I don't suffer you to take any rest, said he, embracing him, but, my generous host, it seems time for us to begin our journey. Let us away this instant, my prince, said *Zephyrus*, so far from complaining of your disturbing me, I am to thank you.—For, to let you
into,

into a secret, I am in love with a rose, who is high spirited and capricious;—and I should have a violent lecture if I fail paying my devoirs before sunrise. She blows in one of the Princess *Felicia's* parterres.—So saying, he presented the mantle to the king, and made an effort to take him upon his wings, but not finding it altogether convenient,—I will raise you in the air as I did *Psyche*, said *Zephyrus*, when by the command of *Cupid* I conveyed her to the magnificent palace he had built for her reception? lifting him in his arms, and balancing upon the point of the rock, he extended his wings and mounted into the air with astonishing velocity.—Notwithstanding the intrepidity of the king of *Russia*, he was not void of apprehensions at finding himself

himself suspended in the arms of a stripling, from so immensurable a height.—The reflection that this stripling was a god, reassured him, and the consideration that *Cupid*, though a feeble child in appearance, is the most formidable and irresistible of all the gods, by degrees banished his terrors.

RESIGNED to destiny, he began to recover his vivacity, and to be attentive to the parts of the world he hovered over. But these were too innumerable for description:—cities, kingdoms, rivers, seas, empires, and deserts, forests and continents, yet unknown, passed in succession before his admiring eyes, and deprived him of utterance from the astonishment he felt.—*Zephyrus* informed him of the names, customs,

toms, and manners of all the different inhabitants of the globe.

— They rested on the tremendous mounts *Caucasus*, *Atbos*, and several others on their road. Though the fair rose I adore should wound me with her thorns, said *Zephyrus*, I cannot suffer you to traverse so great a space without allowing you a few minutes to contemplate the wonders of nature.

ADOLPHUS expressed the highest gratitude for his friend's complaisance, and at the same time fear lest the Princess *Felicia* should not understand the *Russian* language;—or that he should be ignorant of her's. Be in no concern on that account, said *Zephyrus*, the princess's erudition is universal; and I am persuaded, you

will both speak the same language in a very short time! .

THEIR flight was so rapid that the much-desired island was soon in view; —which, from its collective beauties, the king was easily convinced to be the work of enchantment: the air was odoriferous; —the dew fell in drops of exquisite perfume and the rains in showers scented with orange flowers: —fountains and cascades that seemed to touch the clouds: groves and pastures of a verdure and bloom unknown in other countries: —rivulets, whose transparent bloom shone more bright than crystal, murmuring in delightful meadows: —concerts of birds whose musick was more melifluous than those of the greatest masters: —fruits, the delicious product of spon-

spontaneous nature:—tables furnished with the most exquisite delicacies to gratify the taste of epicurism.—But the palace surpassed all that imagination can form, of walls of diamonds:—floors and ceilings inlaid in compartments of precious stones.—Here gold was more common than pebbles:—the fountain was made, and fancied by those fairies who were the criterions of taste, with such regard to propriety, that no one could determine which was most to be admired, the elegance or grandeur of this superb edifice.

ZEPHYRUS placed the king on a pleasant lawn. Sir, said he, I have performed my engagement; the rest must be left to you.—They embraced.—*Adolphus* expressed the most grate-

ful acknowledgment of his friendship; and the little god, impatient to visit his rose, left him to explore the beauties of these delicious gardens, to wander in shady walks, or repose in grottoes, calculated for pleasure.—In one of those he was struck with a *Cupid* in white marble, whose symmetry and expression, demonstrated it a capital performance of some excellent sculptor. His altar, instead of flames, spouted refreshing streams of water. He leaned against a rock of shell work, and seemed to read the following lines engraved on a marble tablet:

“ WHOEVER is ignorant of
“ the pleasures of love, has ne-
“ ver tasted real happiness.—
“ That alone satisfies the extent
“ of our wishes,—and renders
life

“ life desirable. Without love
 “ wealth and ambition grow
 “ languid and insipid the heart.
 “ is unoccupied !”

ADOLPHUS at length entered a woodbine bower, whose inviting obscurity was impenetrable to the sunbeams; throwing himself on the grassy margin of a fountain, he suffered sleep to recruit his weary limbs and heavy eyelids, with some hours of repose.

It was midday when he awoke; vexed at the time he had lost, he advanced hastily towards the palace,—and admired the style of architecture with attentive observation, where all the arts equally combined to establish a model of perfection.—The king wore his mantle, the

green side outward, so that he could examine every thing, unperceived; but whether the gates through the vestibule were closed or that the approach to the palace was in the opposite front, he essayed in vain to find an entrance; when he saw a fair hand open a crystal window.—At this signal, a young nymph, who was at work in the garden, run to receive a large shell of gold filagrie, tied with knots of ribbands, which she was ordered to fill with flowers for the princes; this she no sooner had selected, than *Adolphus* transported himself with them into the shell. It must be presumed the mantle that conferred invisibility, bestowed also a proportionable degree of levity, otherwise it would be difficult to account for the ease with which he was drawn
up

up to the window, where he arrived without the least accident. He sprung out of the shell into the midst of a noble saloon, where he saw and heard things marvelous to relate.—The nymphs were divided into parties, none seemed above eighteen years [of age; and many much younger. The beauties of the fair and brown were blended in the most exquisite perfection; so that every nymph singly, might be deemed completely handsome.

ADOLPHUS would have remained fascinated with admiration, if the sweetness of female voices according to the melody of musical instruments as, judiciously touched, had not excited his curiosity. He moved towards the apartment from whence the delightful harmony pro-

proceeded, and though he apprehended the beauties of the ladies on the saloon, could not be exceeded, he felt a peculiar pleasure in being convinced of his mistake; but what was his amazement to find, that by a kind of intuition, he understood the meaning of every song, though the language was new to his ear! listening enraptured, to one of the prettiest nymphs, her veil fell off, when, not considering how much it must alarm her, he took it from the ground and presented it — Seeing the veil apparently move, — she screamed! and, perhaps this was the first emotion of fear, ever experienced in this island of *Felicity*. Her companions assembled round her, asking the cause of this unusual sound.

You

You will think me strangely whimsical, said she, when I tell you I dropped my veil, and received it again from an invisible hand. They laughed exceedingly at the oddity of the fancy, and run into the apartment of the princess to divert her with the tale.

ADOLPUS followed, by favour of the green mantle, through halls, galleries, and chambers innumerable, till he entered the apartment of the sovereign,—seated on a throne, composed of a single carbuncle, brighter than the sun, The eyes of the princess *Felicia* shot forth rays still more bright than the carbuncle! The bloom of celestial youth and beauty, glowed on her cheek;—animated her whole person and air,,—accompanied with that graceful

graceful majesty, and sensible vivacity calculated to inspire adoration and reverence.—Her dress seemed more the result of elegance than magnificence.—Her fair hair was carelessly adorned with flowers.—She had on a loose robe of gold and white gauze,—with a pale purple veil ;—several little cupids waltzed round her, playing a thousand sportive fooleries to amuse her ;—some kissed her hands, —others assisted their companions to mount the sides of the throne, and place a diamond of pearl on her head.—The *pleasures* and *graces* were her constant attendants.

IN short, all that mortals can conceive of paradise, is faint to what the king of *Russia* saw realized.—Dazzled with the splendor

dor of those immortal charms, to which he already found his heart devoted, he remained in an extasy of wonder that rivetted his feet, and agitated his spirits so extremely, that forgetting all things but the object of his adoration,—he let the green mantle fall.—— The princess started with surprize. She had never seen a man.

ADOLPHUS, sensible he was discovered, fell at her feet, and regarding her with the profoundest respect,—Great princess, he began, I have traversed the ærial regions to admire your divine beauty;—to offer you my vows;—to entreat your acceptance of the most constant of all hearts.—— Though *Felicia* had an uncommon share of wit and vivacity, she continued silent and disconcerted.—Never had she beheld

held a creature that appeared more amiable in her eyes ! than what she contemplated as a singular production of nature ; a thought that led her to believe this might be the phoenix, so renowned for superlative beauty. — This error occasioned her to address him thus :

FAIR phoenix, for your beauty convinces me that must be your true appellation, as there is nothing in my island half so charming. I am delighted at the compliment you pay me, and cannot help regretting you are the only one of your species. — What a glorious appearance would a flight of such birds as you make, all mounted on the wing ! *Adolphus* could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of the idea ; but unwilling a person
for

for whom he had conceived a violent passion, should remain any longer in a state of ignorance, that was in some degree a reflection on her understanding, he instantly informed her of the particulars of his rank in the scale of beings: and never was mind more apprehensive of all the truths he wished to inform her. Her exquisite penetration and discernment run even before the master's instruction.

A PERFECT similarity of sentiment soon produced that mutual happiness which arises from loving another better than oneself. All that there is of sweetness in the most fond and disinterested attachment;—all that the most brilliant and fertile imagination can conceive;—all that the most delicate and sus-

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ceptible heart can feel, did these faithful lovers enjoy pure and uninterrupted ;—repose undisturbed ;—pleasures fresh-springing ;—health unimpaired ;—strangers even to the slightest disappointment or inconvenience ;—perpetual youth ever crowned their days.—In this delicious retreat, they drank copious draughts of the fountain of *delight* ;—no doubts, no jealous suspicions, even those frivolous disputes that sometimes interrupt the tranquillity of the sincerest lovers, and are succeeded by the sweet joy of reconciliation, were here unknown ; entertained in the bosom of pleasure, till that hour no mortal but the king of *Russia* ever experienced happiness unallayed. Fatal lot of humanity,—that bears within its own bosom

bosom the destruction of its felicity !

It came into the head of *Adolphus* one day, to ask the princess how long he had been in the island; the hours pass so agreeably in your society, said he, that I have never once reflected on the subject. I will answer your question, said *Felicia*, but first let me hear your own conjecture? He began to ruminate, — Were I only to consult my heart and the satisfaction I experience, I should not apprehend it could be more than a week; but, my dear princess, several circumstances I now recollect, convince me I must have been with you very near three months. The princess laughed excessively. — Know then, *Adolphus*, said she, with a more serious air, three

E. 2. hundred

hundred years are past since you landed upon this island. Ah, could she have foreseen the effect of the discovery, she would never have made it!—Three hundred years! Good *God*! exclaimed the king. Is the balance of power preserved?—Who are the present monarchs of the globe? What are their political systems? I shall then revisit the earth unknowing and unknown! My kingdom is undoubtedly, no longer in the possession of my family! I dare not flatter myself that they enjoy an acre of ground!—A king without dominions!—Every one will regard me as a phantom! ignorant of the manners and customs of my own people!

THE princess could no longer restrain her impatience to interrupt

rupt these exclamations.—*Adolphus*, said she, is this the reward of that profusion of love;—that lavish distribution of blessings my fondness has bestowed? I received you into my palace;—you are the master of it;—I have preserved your life during three centuries in the bloom of youth;—nor have you ever, till this fatal moment, known a painful sensation.—How many must you have experienced in the world?

I HAVE not an ungrateful heart, fair princess, replied *Adolphus*, with some confusion, I am thoroughly sensible of all the obligations I owe you.—It is not perhaps too late to perform some great actions that may purchase immortal fame.—With shame I contemplate my inactive virtue.—My name buried in

oblivion. Such was the brave *Reinaldo* in the arms of *Armida*.
——But the voice of glory tore him from her allurements.——
Glory will have the same influence on thee *Barbarian*! cried the princess, shedding a flood of tears, thou wilt abandon me!—
Thou wilt render thyself unworthy of the grief that overwhelms me.—Here she fainted.—The king was sensibly affected.—He loved her with extreme ardour; —but his heart reproached him for lavishing so many years in the bosom of love and indolence, without one gallant enterprise to distinguish him in the rank of heroes.

IN vain he essayed to restrain his indignation, and conceal the anguish of his soul.—Oppressed with a constant langour that
wasted

wasted the beauty of his form, *Adolphus* could scarce be recognized.—He with whom ages were no more than months, now considered months as ages.—The princess saw the amazing change with inexpressible concern. She could not bear to be indebted to complaisance alone for the society of the man she loved disinterestedly tender.—She informed him he was not to consider himself as a prisoner, —he might depart whenever he pleased.—But she could not conceal her apprehensions that some signal misfortune would attend him!

THESE last words were incapable of interrupting the joy he received from the first;—and though his heart experienced some distressful emotions at the necessity of a separation.

Yet

Yet the caprice of destiny impelled him to persist in bidding adieu to the generous object of his admiration, by whom he was alas to tenderly beloved!—His parting vows assured her that, as soon as he had complied with the dictates of honour, and rendered himself more worthy of her esteem he should be a stranger to repose till he could return to pay his dutiful acknowledgments to the only sovereign of his heart, the only blessing that made life desirable.——Natural elocution supplied the language of love, but *Felicia* was too penetrating to be imposed upon; a fatal presentiment informed her a few moments would deprive her for ever of the dear idol of her affection.

THE

THE more violent her efforts to restrain her swelling grief, the more exquisite were her sufferings. She presented her now cold and indifferent lover with the most magnificent armour, and the finest courser he had ever beheld:—*Bicbac*, which is the name of the horse I give you, will conduct you, said the princess, to the fields of glory to fight and conquer your enemies. —But I beseech you, *Adolphus*, not to dismount till you arrive in your own territories, for, by the prescience of a fairy, bestowed on me by the *Gods*, I discover, that if you neglect to follow my advice, it will not be in the power of *Bicbac* to save you from the danger that threatens.

THE

THE king promised to obey her counsel implicitly; kissed her fair hand a thousand times, and was so impatient to leave that paradise of bliss, he actually forgot his invisible mantle!

WHEN they arrived at the confines of the island, the vigorous horse sprung with his master into the ocean, which he swam across, pursuing his journey over mountains and valleys, plains and forests, with a swiftness that resembled flying more than any other motion. At length one evening, passing through a hollow, narrow lane, stony, rugged, and edged with thorns, he saw a cart overturned, that barred their progress, loaded with old wings, variously fashioned. A man bending under the weight of years, who appeared

ed to be the driver, seemed crushed beneath the wheels: his bald head, tremulous voice, and apparent distress, excited the compassion of *Adolphus*. *Bichac* shewed his disposition to turn back or leap over the hedge, and was exerting his agility for that purpose, when the poor old wretch cried out, Ah! sit, for God's sake. pity my situation, vouchsafe to assist me, or I die! *Adolphus* could not resist the impulse he had to save him: he quitted his horse, eagerly advancing, he presented his hand to raise him from the earth, but alas! what was his astonishment to find the no longer feeble old man rise with such vigour and expedition, as to seize him in his mighty grasp before he could put himself in a posture of defence.

KING

KING of *Russia*, said he, in the most terribly meaning voice, at last I have found thee!—My name is *Time*.—I have sought thee in vain during three centuries; and have worn all the wings with which my cart is loaded, to stumps in quest of thee, throughout the universe; but however carefully concealed, nothing can be long hid from my allseeing eye. He pressed the mouth of *Adolphus* with his iron hand, and stopping the organs of respiration, the king fell dead at his feet.

IN that sad moment *Zephyrus* passed by, and beheld the fate of his beloved *Adolphus* with the most piercing affliction. No sooner had the old monster left him, than he strove with the sweetness of his breath, to reanimate

mate the lifeless form.——But finding his utmost efforts unavailing, he balanced him in his arms as he had done in happier days, and weeping bitterly, conveyed him once more to the island of *Felicity*. He laid him in a grotto, covering him with flowers; raised a trophy with his armour;——and engraved on a jasper column erected near his unfortunate friend, these lines :

“TIME is the conqueror of
 “all things.——Pleasure ends
 “in satiety.——Beauty decays
 “with years.——The mind of
 “man forms a multiplicity of
 “desires, fleeting as the passing
 “gale.——Dissatisfied though en-
 “circled with delight,——If
 “sometimes exulting in the
 “success of his plans, the sun
 VOL. III. F of

“ of contentment brightens his
“ countenance.—Soon the
“ clouds of disappointment ga-
“ ther on his brow :—he proves
“ a sad reverse of fortune :—
“ his sensible love is not eternal,
“ nor happiness perfect ”

IN this grotto the desolate *Felicia* mourned daily, the departure of her ungrateful lover ;—here she encreased the river with a torrent of tears, What un-
hoped for joy to find him when the distance between them appeared an insurmountable bar ! she fancied, fatigued with so long a journey, he had fallen asleep ;—hesitating whether to wake him, and give a loose to the tender transports of her heart ; already her arms were extended to embrace him,——when drawing nearer. she perceived with horror

ror the extent of her misfortune. Her piercing shrieks were enough to create compassion in things inanimate ! She gave instant orders for the gates of the palace to be irrevocably shut against all access : from that fatal period, no one has been able to boast of a complete prospect of its architecture.

HER excess of grief is such as admits of her being rarely visible. — And then she is preceded by cares, attended by anxieties, and followed by disappointments. — These are her constant companions ; as mankind too feelingly experiences, and since this deplorable catastrophe, is ready to attest the truth of the maxim, —
 “ Time devours all things ; —
 “ and complete happiness has no
 “ existence on earth.”

HYPPOLITUS ceased speaking.—The abbess assured him she was convinced of the truth of his assertion; for that her fear so agreeable a tale should come to a conclusion, had interrupted the pleasure she felt in hearing it!—She was lavish in encomiums on his manner and turn of expression, and had not yet finished her thanks,—when *Julia's* woman came with her lady's compliments, who was then in bed with a violent headache, and a request that the abbess would send her some book to divert her. *Isabella*, said the abbess, you see I am engaged, and cannot send her one just now, but you shall take *Jeronymo* with you, who will divert her better than any book in my library.—He has been telling me the prettiest tale in the world; and am
sure

sure he will be so complaisant as to repeat it to your lady; entreating *Hyppolitus* to follow the servant, who it may be concluded was not tardy in obeying her command.—He held his handkerchief to his face. to prevent the abbess from observing his extreme agitation, and lest *Isabella* should know him through his disguise, and shew any marks of amazement.

SHE introduced him into *Julia's* chamber, where, no longer under restraint, *Hyppolitus* falling on his knees by the bed, unable to speak, snatched one of her hands, which he kissed with an extravagance of joy, that expressed a resolution to die rather than quit it.—The curtains were drawn, and the few rays of light admitted, did not serve to distinguish *Hyppolitus*,
 F 3 whose

whose cheek reclined on the bed.

—*Julia* did not immediately know him, and used her utmost efforts to disengage the hand he had seized. *Hyppolitus* mistaking the motive of this resistance, and concluding it an indubitable proof of her aversion, withdrew, pale, trembling, and overwhelmed with distress. — You abhor me, *Julia*, said he in the most tender and affecting accent, you accuse me as the author of your misfortunes, and notwithstanding my innocence, you regard me with a secret horror that renders my presence hateful.

AH! my dear *Hyppolitus*! cried *Julia*, struck with the well-known voice, what wild conjectures are these? How little do you know my sentiments! She held out her no longer reluctant hand,

hand, and welcomed him with expressions of tenderness which the occasion justified. This favourable reception completed his happiness. Their eyes were a long time rivelled in silent ecstasy, and were the sole interpreters of the emotions of their soul. —Tears of mingled joy and sorrow succeeded;—but joy at length reigned triumphant,—and poured forth the most endearing, rapturous expressions in the first moments of speech, forgetting every circumstance but the delightful one of gazing on each other.—Those who have felt the severest shafts of fortune, —who love to desperation,—whom fraud and violence separate,—whom some lucky chance unexpectedly unites,—have their hearts and imaginations so abandoned in mental transports, that
language

language is incapable of explaining their sentiments:—broken sighs,—incoherent exclamations—unfinished sentences,—proclaim the supreme happiness of being once more together.

THIS reflection reanimates their passion,—exhausts itself in vows of everlasting constancy,—whilst a consecration of hours appears but as a single moment.—This was the very situation of *Julia* and *Hyppolitus*;—so that it would be impossible to give any connected account of what they said; but those who are susceptible of tenderness, and have been engaged in similar scenes, will be at no loss to imagine.

No sooner had the abbess dined, than attended by *Cardini*, she had her picture carried into the
the

the sick lady's apartment to consult whether the attitude was agreeable, or the drawing correct. After criticising some time on its defects, can you forget my dear madam, to thank me, said the abbess, for the pains I have took in prevailing with *Jeronymo* to entertain you with that pretty allegory? You must acknowledge he has a very lively fancy, and that the faries themselves could never have composed a narrative half so delightful!—*Julia*, not comprehending what the abbess alluded to, replied, at hazard, she should not pardon herself for omitting the proper compliments, if her thoughts had not been entirely engrossed with the pleasure of seeing her. That if the abbess approved it, she had a great inclination to learn to draw, as her melancholy was
so

so extreme, she ought to neglect nothing to divert it. The abbess was pleased with the resolution, and agreed that whilst *Cardini* was painting in the cabinet, *Jeronymo* should give *Julia* lessons, on condition, said she, that you will sometimes spare him to tell me stories. *Hypopolitus* avoided joining the conversation, but enjoyed the delicious satisfaction of thinking he should see his mistress every day, and in that hope, would not have changed situations with the greatest monarch upon earth.

THINGS thus settled, *Hypopolitus* passed three or four hours every afternoon in *Julia's* apartment.——He related to her the particulars of *Lucilla's* marriage with *Leander*, an event that gave her extreme pleasure;
her

her regard for that generous friend was incapable of diminution, and she considered *Leander* not only as a man of uncommon merit, but as the intimate friend of her dear *Hyppolitus*.——The warmth with which she expressed her approbation of this agreeable alliance, made her lover desirous to avail himself of what he thought a favourable conjuncture.——If you are so sincerely interested, my dearest *Julia*, in the happiness of my sister, you will contribute to its augmentation, said he, by confirming mine.——What objections can there be to choosing her house for your retreat;—you will find the whole family devoted to your service.——I will attend or follow you.—There we may converse uninterruptedly without perturbation, or dread of discovery.

very. Reflect that I must be in constant danger of discovery in this place, the consequence of which is too evident.—Rely upon my opinion, and let me entreat you to consent to make use of the opportunity fortune offers to our wishes.—Leave me to contrive and secure your escape, and we shall then be at liberty to take farther measures to redress your wrongs.

BUT my reputation.——dear *Hyppolitus*! interrupted *Julia*, in a melancholy tone, what will become of that? Think of the indelible stain it must endure,—when the world shall report I am fled with you. Why is my husband enraged? Why the cruel treatment I experience from his fury?—but because he believes you are dear to me? This is the only
plea

plea he can alledge in justification of his severity!—And to confirm the reality of his suspicions, to vindicate his conduct, and degrade mine,—we are to elope together. Ah! my dear brother! this is a step I cannot reconcile to my ideas of propriety.—Prudence suggests that I remain here.

You are unwilling, madam, to do justice either to yourself or me, replied *Hyppolitus*, extremely agitated; can the world condemn you for breaking your chains? For freeing yourself from a convent where you are unworthily confined without any justifiable cause? If prudence forbids me to accompany you,—it will suffer me to follow you.—Is there a sensation more natural to the human heart than

to desire to recover our liberty when we are deprived of it?—My dear *Julia*, if ever you have condescended to regard me with affection,——if my passion,——if my constancy has made any impression,—grant to my tears, and solicitations what you refuse to your own desires.

PRESS me no longer,—*Hyp-
politus*, replied *Julia*,—I am in
despair you should wish a thing
impossible for me to comply
with.—Surely, if your love was
equal to your protestations, you
would enter more deeply into my
distress, and the regard due to
my character! *Hyppolitus* still
remained at her feet, sighing
bitterly;——a dreadful silence
was succeeded by these exclama-
tions;—Good God! what can I
do more? Cruel woman! deaf
to

to my persuasions.—You are fond of misery ;—you refuse an asylum that the most rigid virtue cannot disapprove ! Is it that you regard me with aversion ? No, my dear *Hyppolitus*, said she, presenting her hand with a smile of ineffable complacency, no I do not regard you with aversion ! nor can I believe you have entertained a moment's doubt of my sentiments. I am still that very *Julia* who preferred your repose to her own, who lives only for you ! Yet prefers the laws of virtue, and the rules that duty prescribes, to the indulgence of your passion, or her own ;—You tell me I am so happy in my present state of confinement, as to be very indifferent about leaving it. Mistaken man ! my soul suffers unremitting alarms, lest you should

be discovered, and sink under the idea of the dreadful consequences! But, I have a method to propose, which will place me in a situation to receive your visits without any violation of decency. We will write to my father in terms that will bring him hither immediately; under his sanction I shall have nothing to fear from the breath of calumny.

HYPPOLITUS made unavailing remonstrances on the length of the voyage, besides the retardment that might happen from a number of unforeseen causes; *Julia* continued resolute in her determination; so that as a proof of his obedience, and in distant hopes of advancing his own happiness, he sent a packet to his friend, *Leander*, with injunctions to forward it to the earl of
War-

Warwick.—*Julia* expatiated on the sufferings a husband had inflicted; *Hyppolitus* explained the lucky chance which discovered her abode, at a time he had least reason to expect it.

IN the mean time the abbess was taking useful precautions with *Cardini*,—informing him it was of the last consequence, that neither himself or his assistant should convey any letters from the fair stranger; the painter made use of the strongest asseverations to assure her he would either refuse taking them at all, or if complaisance forbad that, it should only be to deliver them to the abbess: he added he could be answerable for the fidelity of *Feronymo*, in whose favour the abbess was greatly prepossessed, ever since the tale of the king of

Russia ; so that she had not the least suspicion of his betraying her in favour of *Julia*.

THE satisfaction of the two lovers is not to be described.— They rose every morning with the certain hope of seeing each other ; and their days glided on in this smiling desert with more delightful serenity, than they could have done in the most brilliant court under the auspices of the best of kings.—Indeed it is one of the secret charms of real love, that it destroys ambition, and a thousand cankered desires which corrode and tyrannize over hearts insusceptible of its sway. This happy pair mutually entertained each other with interesting passages during their absence. They recalled every minute circumstance of their first
at-

attachment.—Their pleasure sometimes repressed, sometimes indulged.—They formed schemes for the future;—and pursued measures for the prosecution of plans still involved in uncertainty;—so that six months which were elapsed, appeared no longer within the walls of a convent, than they would have done in the palace of *Felicity*.

CARDINI, by the request of *Hyppolitus*, made a small progress in his work; nor was the abbess displeased because her bargain was that the pictures should be highly finished; and she was easily persuaded the oftener they were retouched, the more lasting the colour would prove.—Yet, as there was no reason to apprehend the long residence of the servants of *Hyppolitus* at *Bourbon*,
might

might incite curiosity in those who had seen them with their master ; he therefore sent them to *Nevus* with orders not to say to whom they belonged.

He heard frequently from *Leander* and *Lucilla*, whom he informed of the happiness he tasted ; whilst he deceived the earl and countess of *Douglas* with reports the physicians recommended his trying the waters another season ; so they desisted from pressing his return.—His joy was inconceivable on receiving accounts from *England* that the earl of *Warwick's* arrival was every day impatiently expected by the family of *Nevil*, who had been made acquainted with the circumstances of his escape, and that *Julia* was his daughter. They likewise added
that

that the earl of *Bedford* was much disturbed, and undetermined how to act.—This satisfactory news soon clouded by subsequent dispatches from the countess of *Douglas*, that if he wished once more to see his father, no time must be lost; for she feared he was seized with a distemper that threatened a final dissolution.

IN this alarming moment, nature and reason silenced his pleading love and tenderness. *Julia* protested she would absolutely insist on his repairing immediately where duty required his presence,—fortifying her advice by the most powerful incitements —Consider, *Hyppolitus*, said she, that my father will be your companion back;—and should you be so unfortunate as to loose your own, it will be proper

per for you to take possession of your estate. The consideration that my interest is connected with yours, has, I flatter myself, some influence with my *Hyppolitus*,. Not that riches or poverty were material in *Julia's* opinion, far superior to the allurements of the one, or the inconveniencies of the other, she regarded both with equal indifference.—To pass her life with her dear *Hyppolitus*, was the ultimate wish of her soul,—satisfied the extent of her ambition,—nor was her heart capable of forming vows for any other felicity. But she knew his generosity would suffer in a diminution of fortune, where she was to partake, and that there wanted a conviction of its being essentially necessary, to induce him to leave *St. Menoux*. She penetrated

trated too well the conflict he sustained. Good *God!* what extravagance of grief! what did he not feel when the hour of parting arrived! Or rather what did they not both endure! Sensations so exquisitely painful, were enough to separate the soul from the body.

ON this melancholy occasion, they expressed all that is tender and passionate! and when language was exhausted,—their streaming eyes and heart-breaking sighs, described pathetically the anguish and regret which penetrated their souls.—Ah! in trials like these, virtue and fortitude must exert their strongest efforts to repel the imbecility of the heart and spirit.—Hope, their sole support, persuaded them

them they soon should meet again, and they had great reason to listen to her soothing voice.

CARDINI was entrusted with the management of the correspondence between the lovers, and received a bountiful reward for the services already performed, as well as for those in reversion. The abbess was informed the father of *Jeronymo*, had recalled him to *Italy*, nor was it without regret she saw him depart; whilst *Julia*, who had suffered the most violent constraint in concealing her extreme affliction, abandoned herself to the unbounded indulgence of unutterable woe. When her straining eyes had lost all traces of the object of their delight, she fastened the door of her chamber, and sinking upon the bed, more dead

dead than alive, a torrent of tears afforded some relief to her bursting heart. She feigned sickness as an apology for keeping her apartment, the better to conceal her misery; but a short time rendered its weight insupportable, when she received no letters from *Hyppolitus*.——Frantic with grief, she wrote to the earl of *Suffex*, to enquire whether her father or his friend was arrived in *London*. He answered he was in the utmost anxiety that neither of them were returned, especially as the death of the earl of *Douglas* made his son's presence indispensibly requisite.

As those things we dread the most, are those we are most ready to believe, the desponding *Julia* had little doubt but her lover was shipwrecked;——and

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though in the agony of separation, she fancied nothing was capable of augmenting her sorrow, she proved alas ! that the giver of misfortune was not yet exhausted, and that the cruelty of her destiny was still ingenious in furnishing new scenes of torment.

ONE day she was in bed, in the most deplorable dejection of spirits, when the abbess paid her a visit, and in retiring carelessly, dropped a letter she had that morning received. *Isabella* took it up, and presented it to her mistress, who instantly recognized the characters of the earl of *Bedford* :—she opened it with a trembling hand, and found these words :

“ CON-

“ CONSIDERATIONS of im-
 “ portance, madam, oblige me
 “ to lose no time in removing
 “ *Julia* to a place where she will
 “ be in less danger of discovery
 “ than with you. I have re-
 “ ceived intelligence that her
 “ father’s arrival is daily expect-
 “ ed, and that he is not unin-
 “ formed of his daughter’s resi-
 “ dence at St. *Menoux*.—Un-
 “ luckily as this circumstance
 “ may be, I shall never forget
 “ the obligations to you, nor
 “ the desire I have to acquit my-
 “ self of them, with gratitude.
 “ —I am madam, with all pos-
 “ sible respect, your most obe-
 “ dient humble servant,

“ *Bedford.*”

THE fair *Julia* remained thun-
 der-struck for some minutes ; re-
 H 2 volving

volving in her mind what was the most eligible step to take,—sensible she ought no longer to delay her removal from a place where she must soon be exposed to the irascibility of the earl of *Bedford*; she took a sudden resolution, and sent *Isabella* to desire *Cardini* would contrive some pretext for coming into her apartment. When he came, she entreated him to take some jewels of her's and dispose of them at *Moulins*, and to purchase a chariot and a pair of horses with the money,—taking all necessary precautions of secrecy;—likewise to buy a riding dress of the common sort, and as soon as all were ready, he should have horses in waiting the following night, to carry them to *Moulins*.—The difficulty was to escape unseen, but as her apartment was
next

next the garden, she determined to hazard descending by a ladder of ropes, which *Cardini* engaged to provide.—Luckily, part of the garden wall had fallen down, which she imagined would facilitate her purpose of climbing over it.

EVERY thing answered her expectation: *Cardini* who had free egress and regress to the convent, acquitted himself with the utmost zeal and address.—He conducted *Julia* and *Isabella* to *Moulins*, where they found a chariot ready for the prosecution of their journey *Julia* presented the painter with a ring of considerable value, and commissioned him to go to *London*, and acquaint the earl of *Warwick* and *Hyppolitus*, with the occasion of her flight, and of her resolution to

remain at *Florence* with *Lucilla*, till she heard of their safety.— She was unwilling to trust the particulars to writing, for fear some unfortunate chance should reveal it to the earl of *Bedford*; not doubting but his knowledge of her being at *St. Menoux*, was procured by the interception of her letters, or those of *Hyppolitus*.

WHILST *Julia* continued to travel with all possible diligence, taking every precaution to avoid discovery, and conceal from observation that exquisite beauty which drew admiration from the spectators.—*Cardini*, after attending her as far as prudence would permit, returned to *St. Menoux*, to avoid surprize, and applying to his work with seeming attention, expected every
moment

moment to hear a general alarm in the convent. The morning was far advanced when one of the nuns came to acquaint the abbess, that *Julia's* apartment was still locked, and though *Isabella* had been called several times, no answer was returned, which made her apprehend this profound silence boded something extraordinary. The abbess was disturbed at her relation, and gave instant orders for breaking open the door; but when on entering her apartment, she was convinced that *Julia* had made her escape;—nothing could exceed the wildness of her behaviour.

SHE sent messenger after messenger towards *Paris*, concluding that must necessarily be the road she had taken. At a loss what to conjecture, her suspicion rested
next

next upon *Cardini*;—he was arrested, examined before a magistrate, and committed to prison, without being able to draw the least information by this rough usage.—I expect the earl of *Bedford* every moment, said the abbess, to those in whom she confided; he will demand his wife! what answer can I give? How will he accuse me of careless neglect? and what excuses can I form for inattention to a trust he so earnestly recommended?

IN this distress, one of her favourites hit upon an expedient that might for some time at least, retard the earl's arrival, and the reproaches she dreaded. I think, madam, said she, you should write the earl of *Bedford* word immediately, that his lady was suddenly

suddenly seized with an inflammatory fever, which carried her off in a few days; that she was taken all possible care of, and that you had rendered her the last duties suitable to her quality; that she had bequeathed her jewels and wardrobe to her maid *Isabella*; so that there was nothing left worth returning.

THE abbess relished the deception extremely, not considering the consequences that might attend it; she was a woman of birth, with no great depth of understanding, therefore suffered herself to be governed by the *young religious*, who delivered the counsel. She accordingly wrote to the earl, to acquaint him with the death of the countess: but this step did not contribute towards the release of the unfortunate

fortunate *Cardini*, whose imprisonment was of long duration; nor was he permitted to plead in his own defence, or acquaint his friends with the state to which he was reduced.

IN the mean time *Julia* arrived at *Florence* without any disagreeable accident;—and judging it improper to visit her friend till she had given previous notice, she wrote by *Isabella* to acquaint her with her desire to concert proper measures with her for her security.—*Lucilla* was inexpressibly delighted to hear of her arrival, nor would her impatience to see her, allow the deferring it a single moment.—Their meeting was all that the most cordial and sincere friendship can express from persons of sensibility and tenderness; and they

agreed *Julia* should assume the character of a young widow, a near relation to *Lucilla*, who intended to pass some months at *Florence*: she was to take the name of *Howard*, the first family in *England*; so extensive in its branches as not to be easily traced, and to appear in deep mourning, as having recently buried a husband extremely dear, which was the cause of her abandoning a country that perpetually reminded her of her loss.

WHAT was singular enough is, that at the very time *Julia* was playing this mockery of woe, the earl of *Bedford* was preparing to act the same part more strenuously. The abbess's letter was delivered just in time to prevent his embarkation.—
The first emotions of grief were
lively

lively for the death of a wife he had so passionately loved;—but reflexions on the length of his voluntary separation;—on the subject of complaint he believed she had given him,—joined to the natural inconstancy of man, soon consoled his affliction, and disposed him to indulge his thoughts with any thing rather than the remembrance of *Julia*.

THE report soon became current. The countess of *Douglas*, and the earl of *Suffex*, were in the utmost distress; and the earl of *Warwick*, who landed in *England*, soon after the melancholy tidings, was almost as deeply affected as if he had been personally acquainted with the beauty, merit, and virtue of his amiable daughter. Is not my fate truly deplorable, said he, delivered

ed from the rigour of a long and painful captivity.—restored to my country after a tedious absence;—only to hear of the death of an only child, whose virtues have been represented with the highest encomiums.—Endeared by the memory of her excellent mother, as well as her own accomplishments.—Alas! I had promised her as a recompence, to the only man in the world, to whom I have the strongest obligations;—at the very moment she falls a sacrifice to the unkindness of an arbitrary husband!

THE earl of *Bedford* solicited through the mediation of friends that Lord *Warwick* would permit him the honour to wait on him;—but the application was rejected with resentment and indignation by a father who con-

sidered him as the murderer of his daughter. Things were in this situation when *Hyppolitus* made his appearance; what impeded his voyage was, that in posting from *Paris* to *Calais*, as the most expeditious method of travelling, his horse fell, and in disengaging himself from under him, *Hyppolitus* dislocated his ankle; the pain was so acute, that with his valet's assistance, it was not without the utmost difficulty he walked to an adjacent village, where the bone was set by an unskilful surgeon, who made him suffer such agony in the operation, as brought on a violent fever, which confined him two months. Fear of alarming the tenderness of *Julia* occasioned him not to acquaint her with this misfortune, and the method he used to prevent this

her unhappiness proved the very cause of it. A silence so extraordinary made her desperate.— It was now that *Hyppolitus* was to take his share of suffering, when the first things he heard in *London*, was the death of his father, and that of his beloved *Julia*; for the abbess of *St. Menoux's* letter, falling into the hands of the countess of *Douglas*, she was tempted to shew it to her son, from a hope she entertained that the certainty of the fatal event, was the only radical cure for a passion which had been the source of all his misfortunes.—The disturber of his tranquillity, whilst it checked all views of aggrandizement and promotion.

HYPPOLITUS had been long enough at *St. Menoux* to enter
I 2 minutely

minutely into the abbess's character, ill calculated for a plot; he therefore yielded an implicit faith to her report that extinguished the faint ray of hope still struggling in his soul,

WHERE can I find words capable of expressing the despair of the most passionate and faithful heart in the world? All former descriptions of the state he was reduced to by the marriage of *Julia*;—the schemes laid to separate them;—the violent proceedings of her husband,—convey but a faint idea of the distraction of *Hyppolitus*, in a conjuncture so terrible to human nature! He refused to see or speak to any, but the earls of *Warwick* and *Sussex*; nor could any thing but the urgent entreaties of a weeping mother have prevailed upon

on him to take the least nourishment; nor could he sleep more than in broken starts on his uneasy bed;—he sunk suddenly into a depression of spirits and a decay of strength that prognosticated the most melancholy consequences.

To the earl of *Suffex* he confided his determined resolution to challenge the earl of *Bedford*, the only prospect capable of animating him with fresh courage and vigour: he desired his friend to demand the time and place of appointment in his name, for putting a period to a quarrel that could not be terminated but by the death of the injurer or injured. The earl of *Suffex* expatiated on the rashness of a man's engaging in a duel who had scarcely strength to walk to the

place of action.—*Hyppolitus* replied, he was the best judge of what he was capable;—that despair would supply all defects.—At the most he could but die;—and to measure swords with the enemy of his peace, was the least circumstance likely to appall him! After many repeated instances, the earl found it in vain to contend against a point so absolutely settled in the breast of his friend:—he therefore waited on the earl of *Bedford*, and found him very irresolute what answer to return. The earl, in truth, was but lately recovered of the wounds he had received from *Hyppolitus* at *Calais*;—he was convinced of his valour, and sensible of the powerful motives of his animosity:



AFTER

AFTER some pause, he observed that, though the king had testified his disapprobation of duelling, he was ready to accept the challenge; but it was proper their meeting should appear accidental; when he would draw and finish the controversy.

No sooner had Lord *Sussex* taken his leave, than the earl of *Bedford* made a speedy arrangement of his affairs, and left the kingdom.—*Hyppolitus* sought him every where, and did not discover he was gone abroad till it was too late to overtake him.—He was exceedingly mortified at the disappointment of his only surviving hope, to sacrifice this victim to the manes of his adorable *Julia*.—He could no longer endure the sight of places which renewed the tortures in
his

his memory, the scenes of irretrievable happiness! He determined to fly from a country once so dear, and to bury himself and his misfortunes in distant fields of glory.

FINDING his resolution not to be shaken, the earl of *Warwick* proposed his accompanying him to *Malta*, where he was returning with the *grand conservator* of *Montserrat*, who had been a short time in *England*, and to whom the queen, in complaisance to Cardinal *Pole's* solicitation, had granted the restitution of all the forfeited estates of the knights of *Malta*. *Hyppolitus* gladly accepted an occasion of signalizing his gallantry, as well as of attaching himself to the fortune of a nobleman whom he loved as a father, and honoured with

with singular esteem for his exalted qualities.—The earl of *Suffex* was desirous to join the party. as he had particular reasons to retire from court.

QUEEN MARY was unwilling to grant to the solicitations of himself and friends, the return of the marchioness of *Northampton*; she still continued to persecute the memory of her unfortunate husband in the person of his beautiful widow, and as her majesty had been informed the earl was desperately in love with her, and eagerly wished to marry her, she made a point of opposing their union; and, as a step towards it, expressed her wish that he would think of Lord *Montagu's* daughter. She had just appointed the father ambassador to the holy see, together with the bishop of *Ely*;—his
lordship

lordship recommended her to the queen, and begged her majesty would be troubled with her establishment. The queen, thoroughly acquainted with the merit, birth and fortune of Lord *Suffex*, thought she could not dispose of her more advantageously than to that nobleman, but he, incapable of sacrificing the passion of love to that of ambition, prudently resolved to withdraw, till the queen altered her sentiments; and beheld an occasion with pleasure that inseparably united his fate with that of his intimate friend, with whom he might acquire laurels, or die in the attempt.

THEY gave directions for their departure; *Hyppolitus* wished to conceal it from the countess of *Douglas*, to avoid the opposition of
of

of parental tenderness, which it would be fresh pain to struggle with. What facilitated the secrecy of his enterprize, was his being totally independant.

THE three friends left *London* without any one suspecting their intention.—In regard to *Hyppolitus* no country or soil afforded him a prospect of comfort; all were equally indifferent. On arriving at *Malta*, they found the inhabitants greatly distressed at the devastations made by a dreadful storm, which had sunk four galleys in the port, besides several other vessels. The number of knights and slaves whose bodies were thrown on the beach, was a more melancholy spectacle, besides a large party of *Maltese* volunteers, who served for very moderate pay in the
room

room of criminals sentenced to the oar. Not long after, *Francis* of *Lorraine*, the grand prior, appeared in the harbour with two galleys painted and guilt. The magnificence of this prince was equal in every particular to his illustrious birth:—he was handsome, liberal, gallant, brave and magnanimous. General *de la Valette* had resigned his employments in his favour. The three earls were honourably received by the grand master, who presented them to the prior, to whom they offered their services, which were accepted with all the marks of distinction and politeness their merit could expect from a great and discerning officer.

WITH a reinforcement of three more galleys, they sailed for

for the coast of *Barbary* in pursuit of *Dragut Rais*, till encountering a brigantine near *Tripoli*, which they soon boarded, they learned that *Dragut Rais* was so bent upon the reduction of *Tripoli*, he would not put to sea that year.

THIS information occasioned their seeking other opportunities of signalizing their valour.— This *English* triumvirate displayed proofs of courage and conduct that charmed the commander, and induced him to bestow honours and employments adequate to their birth.— They exposed their lives to perpetual hazard.— Insensible and careless of danger, *Hyppolitus* was foremost in every attack; where we must now leave him, and return to St. *Menoux*. The

abbess. satisfied by the earl of *Bedford's* answer, he entertained no doubt of the countess's death, nor had any intention of coming to *France*, thought it unnecessary to retain *Cardini* longer a prisoner, whose confinement only increased his obstinate denial of the share he had in *Julia's* escape; an invincible perseverance of temper that contributed to his enlargement.—He no sooner found himself free, than he prepared to keep the promise he had made *Julia*, of going to *England*; he soon arrived: but vain was his enquiries for the three friends: he was told in general, they had not been seen at court for some time; but no traces where they were gone could he discover.

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HE likewise was informed that since the death of his lady, the earl of *Bedford* seldom appeared in public.

CARDINI was extremely concerned for the loss of his fair and generous benefactress; and concluded the terror and fatigue she endured in her journey to *Italy*, had probably shortened her days:—having no farther business in *London*, he returned to *Paris*; whilst *Julia* languished with impatience to hear news on which her peace depended,—from those who were convinced she no longer existed, and whose tears paid a constant tribute to her memory.

SHE was still with her friend *Lucilla*, where she passed for an unhappy relict, of a retired disposition,

position,——averse to company,——who wished that civility would dispense with quitting her own apartment, and conversing with any other person than *Lucilla*! The air of pensive melancholy which anxiety impressed, rendered her beauty peculiarly attractive.

ARE the dead only to be deplored, madam? said Senator *Alberti*, one day to her; have you no pity in reserve for the dying? These words were accompanied with a look so passionate, that to avoid a repetition, *Julia* fixing her eyes upon the ground, answered, sorrowfully,——Leave me, my lord, to the indulgence of my woe;——I find a kind of pleasure in enjoying it uninterrupted! The idea that the senator was sensibly captivated, was
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an aggravation of her grief. He was yet of an age to be susceptible;—was still a handsome man of fashion and gallantry;—positive in any humour or fancy he conceived;—held frequent consultations with his heart on the eligibility of second marriages;—but parental fondness, and fear of injuring the fortune of his son, curbed his inclination, till he beheld the faithful;—the prudent;—the sensible *Julia*! and at the first glance was passionately enamoured.——His attentive assiduity importuned her greatly;—she sometimes resolved to treat him with such disdain as should lessen his attempts to please, by convincing him of the impossibility;—would draw malicious descriptions of persons advanced in years, who flattered themselves with being agreeable

lovers.——What can they expect, would she say, but to be rejected by women of sincerity and honour ;——or deceived by those of an opposite character ?——I own, were it possible for my heart ever to receive a second impression, it must be effected by the first emotions of surprize ;——my eyes must be dazzled ;——my senses enchanted with admiration ;——my heart must betray me before I have time to call reflection to my aid !——Now there is no danger of this sort to be apprehended from men in the decline of life ; for the first appearance is always unfavourable.——It is not possible to form an immediate prepossession. That can only arise from long habit, and a thorough knowledge of their internal merit ! And no woman, in my opinion, would expose

expose herself deliberately to the most dreadful of all situations, a solemn engagement with a man past his meridian!——Whoever consults their reason must see it in the same light, I am certain!——Sure nothing is so absurd as the ridiculous persuasion of raising a flame in the breast of youth from the ashes of old age!——The behaviour of these old fops is really insupportable.——They deviate from their natural bent to assume the manners adapted to the charms they adore! without considering that love is childish and playful;—pursues pleasure and gaiety!——A man must be endowed with a genius of the first rate!—possess an imagination of the most lively and agreeable cast indeed, to appear at fifty in the character of an innamorato without becoming contemptible!

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The senator hearkened to these fallies with extreme impatience:

You have such an aversion madam, for all that are neither so handsome or so young as yourself, interrupted he, that there is scarce a probability you should fall in love! Ah! how impossible for any to flatter themselves with the hope of pleasing on such conditions! at least if beauty is the principal allurements! But, this I will venture to say, in defiance of those unfortunate culprits of whom you, madam, have assumed the office of both judge and jury to condemn, that their discernment and judgement are stronger than those of younger men; they are more respectful, faithful, discreet; more devoted to the object of their adoration! Disdaining trifling follies, unworthy

worthy of hearts capable of a serious attachment; when once such men love, it is for ever.— And, in reality, what satisfaction can there be in the desire of pleasing, or of being beloved by those volatile genius's whose flame is of the meteor kind;—sparkling;—but unsteady;—who are lost in the very moment you think to fix them.

THE turn of their conversation was pretty much in this style; but though *Julia* exerted her wit in such sarcastic raillery as left him the liberty of particular application without wounding politeness; yet, in defiance of despair, and the secret resentment he felt at her indifference, he wanted resolution to extract the fatal arrow destructive to his repose.

JULIA—

JULIA did not at first apprehend any bad consequences from a frenzy which served to divert her, and when she seriously endeavoured to stop its progress found the attempt too late. Her fears were alarmed by the furious transports of *Alberti*,— who declared she must either see him die at her feet, or consent to marry him. She represented the injury this alliance would be to *Leander*, that she never would consent to injure her best friend and relation, and was absolutely determined to live single the remainder of her days.

WHATEVER she alledged in opposition to his love afflicted, without convincing *Alberti* of the impropriety of his behaviour. He said she might exercise her cruelty as much as she pleased,—

ed,—that he would immediately disinherit his son, as consideration for his interest was one obstacle that opposed his felicity. — His silent menaces succeeded; — mingled with such wild extravagance of expression, as evidently shewed he had given the reins to passion; — that he was no longer under the restraint of decency; — and that *Julia* had every thing to dread from rage and disappointment.

On his leaving the room, *Julia* flew to her friend, tears streaming from her eyes; — My dear sister, said she, here are more misfortunes! your father-in-law has been saying things that distract me. — You know we have sometimes laughed at the thoughts of his fancying himself in love: — Alas! it is no longer

longer a jest!—but a fatal truth that will compel me to leave you.—He urges me to marry him in terms a tyrant would use to his slave! The power he has in the city flatters him with success in any scheme he may form;—and I really think, before he is farther irritated, it will be incumbent on me to get out of his clutches. Think, my dear *Lucilla*, what innumerable afflictions I have to contend with.—No news of my father, or my dear *Hyppolitus*, for these four months, that I have found a safe retreat under your friendly roof;—all our strict enquiries are able to produce is, they have left *London*!—But, Good God! where are they? Can it be possible after what I wrote from *St. Menoux* by *Cardini*, both should desert me? O, how exquisite are my

my sufferings for them ;——and have I not every thing to fear from my husband's wrath !——every thing from *Alberti's* madness?

THE agony of her soul prevented her from proceeding ;——Forbear, my dear *Julia*, to abandon yourself to an excess of despondency, which is not permitted us to indulge without offending *Heaven* ! Your misfortunes, *God* be praised, are not so heavy, as to afford no prospect of relief : I am convinced some important reasons we are not able, at present to penerate, have occasioned the earl of *Warwick* and my brother to leave *England* ;——my mother, from whom they concealed their intention, will, I doubt not, find out the secret, and acquaint us with it, if they

are not very quick in preventing her by telling the tale first, which I have an impulse will happen within a few days ! As to your husband we will set his authority at defiance, whilst you are under our protection ;—and for the puissant hero, who is in such a hurry to become so, we will represent certain invincible obstacles which will soon oblige him to desist.

You flatter yourself, my dear sister !——replied *Julia*, believe me, the senator will remain incredulous to all we can advance ;——whatever controverts his design will be suspected ;—he will consider it as an artifice practised to elude his hopes :—and I am certain, this ill placed confidence might be a means of the earl of *Bedford's* discovering my concealment,

sealment; without in the least convincing your father!—The most rational thought is to take refuge in a convent with all possible secrecy and expedition.

LUCILLA approved her friend's intention.—She ordered her coach and drove directly to a convent, where she had great interest. But the amorous senator, dreading to lose his mistress, and convinced from her expressions she would take some resolution contrary to his wishes, was careful to watch the coach whenever they went abroad, and ventured to bribe a servant, whose fidelity they did not distrust; from whom he received intelligence *Julia* was to be admitted by the abbess that very week.

HE was ready to sink at the news, sensible nothing but aversion to him could dictate such a measure. In vain did he summon reason, virtue, and even resentment, to his aid.— Abandoned to the tyranny of the most incontrollable of all the passions,—the idea of being despised by *Julia*, added fresh fuel to the flame he just before wished to extinguish ;—it raged with redoubled fury,—and impelled him to desperate remedies, since his tender perseverance made no impression.

PROMPTED by resentment and desire, he found it easy to execute his purpose:—*Julia's* apartment was on the ground floor, next the garden ;—into which it opened by a large glass door: *Isabella* lay in a little room
ad-

adjoyning; but that evening, through the address of the servant *Alberti* had employed, she sat later than usual with *Lucilla's* woman; which, as her lady seldom went early to bed, *Isabella* was easily prevailed upon to do. —The evening was warm, and *Julia* had opened the garden door to enjoy the fresh air, whilst she wrote to her dearest *Hyppolitus*; an employment seldom one day omitted: tho' she knew not where to find the constant object of her meditation, she hoped some time or other, to send him these proofs of remembrance :

“ AT an hour which the great-
 “ est part of the world appro-
 “ priate to sleep, I awake to re-
 “ lieve my sorrows by commu-
 “ nication. Alas! my *Hyppo-*
 “ *litus*, how insupportable! —

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how

“ how exquisite is my distress !
“ deprived of every means of
“ intelligence ;—ignorant of
“ what fate attends you ;—in-
“ capable of suspecting your
“ heart of inconstancy, I never-
“ theless, feel too sensibly, some
“ assurances of its fidelity are es-
“ sential to the preservation of a
“ life that will become indif-
“ ferent to me when it ceases to
“ be dear to you ! That only
“ hope renders it supportable !
“ and ever since Senator *Alberti*
“ ventured to declare his pas-
“ sion, I”

HERE the pen dropped from
her hand at the appearance of
three persons masqued, who se-
cured her in their arms, whilst a
fourth, still more carefully dis-
guised than the rest, held a hand-
kerchief to her mouth, and bore
her

her away inspite of her stifled cries and resistance.——They hastily traversed the garden ;—the night was far advanced, and very dark, unheard by any of the family.——They lifted *Julia* into a coach that was waiting, and driving fast through the city on the *Sienna* side: they took the road towards the mountains, which was so very rugged, that the pole striking violently against a rock, broke in two. As the summer nights in *Italy* are remarkably short,—day began to appear, when he who seemed master of the rest, finding the coach of no farther use, mounted his horse, and ordered his servant to place *Julia* before him.

SHE defended herself with courage superior to her sex ;—No, tyrant, cried she, thou shalt not drag me from hence till thou
me

hast deprived me of life ! thou violator of the rights of hospitality ;—thou persecuter of a friendless woman who fled to thee for refuge, and whom thou art now forcing from the sanctuary thy house ought to afford her ! whilst she spoke, she disengaged her hands from the men who endeavoured to obey their master's command ; but the awe her words inspired, added to her extreme beauty, touched them with compassion, lest they should hurt her in the attempt ;—whilst they balanced, eight cavaliers, well mounted and armed, advanced towards them ;—the first that struck the wandering eyes of *Julia*, was the Senator *Alberti* ;—who with his attendants attacked the ravishers : who, on their side, prepared to repel them.

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DURING this furious rencounter, *Julia* seized the advantage liberty presented, of attempting to escape, by a winding path down the side of the mountain; this she pursued with the utmost hazard and apprehension;—though repeated firing convinced her the engagement still continued; she dreaded they should dispatch one of their train in search of her: her imagination represented she had as much to fear from those who came to her assistance, as from her unknown ravishers; who these could be, conjecture afforded no light:—bewildered in reflexion, panting for breath;—her feet hurt with the ruggedness of the way;—alarmed with every breath of wind;—unmindful where she wandered, she entangled herself in the midst of briars;—her beautiful face
was

was streaked with blood ;—her fair disheveled hair covered part of her shoulders, which the thorns had stripped naked.

IN this mangled situation she must have excited pity in the most inhuman mind. At a loss where to direct her trembling steps, she looked round with imploring eyes, and perceived a shepherd's cot on the edge of a valley, which revived her hopes, when they were just expiring.— She here found a shepherdess at work in a little garden, who struck with her deplorable appearance, and wildness of distress, received her with marks of tenderness that afforded some consolation to the lovely wanderer. O, said she, with impetuosity, dear good woman, if you are disposed confer a benefit that will
bind

bind me to you for ever ; find out quickly some place to conceal me from my pursuers, who will soon tear me hence by force. The shepherdes, without loosing a moment, led her to a hayloft, filled with fodder for sheep, and covering her securely, returned to her spade :——just after, two horsemen on full gallop, stopped at the hut, and questioned her with great earnestness about a young lady for whom they were in search ; intermixing threats with their enquiries :——she denied having seen her, with an unembarrassed simplicity, that induced them to turn their horses, and ride off.

THEY were no sooner departed, than the shepherdes ran to the relief of *Julia*, who heard the the Senator *Alberti's* voice,
and

and was half dead with terror ; but revived with the news that the men were gone !—Her kind hostess brought her some milk and bread, washed the blood from her face, and assisted in repairing her garments with charitable industry.

JULIA was unwilling to leave this rural spot, judging it unsafe to venture out till the hurry of the chase was over. Her thoughts were in the utmost perplexity ; much had she to fear from the machinations of *Alberti*, but more from those of her unknown enemy, who continued to wear his masque till their separation. —It seemed a less difficulty to guard against the attempts of a person she knew, than to distrust every body who offered her as-

assistance, lest she should inadvertently run into the very danger she studied to avoid.

THIS agitation of mind augmented the weakness of her body.—The shepherd returned in the evening, and it was necessary *Julia* should consent to his being made acquainted with her situation.

THE shepherd was a penetrating old man, who properly conjectured by the admirable beauty of his new guest, and the materials of her dress, that she must be above the common rank.—He was touched with her peculiar distress. *Julia* asked if he had seen any gentlemen on horseback that day? He answered several, some of which were masqued, and seemed wounded,

yet were riding full speed. One he said, rode off from his companions to the field where he was at work, and enquired whether he had not met with a young lady unattended;—that answering in the negative, the person continued his road.

JULIA, convinced she was the object of his enquiry, passed one of the most uncomfortable nights she had ever experienced. Fortunately she had her purse and some jewels about her, not having begun to undress, when she sat down to write: this enabled her to make such pecuniary acknowledgments to the good folks for their hospitality as might at the same time engage them from interested considerations to serve her with fidelity. You see the distress I am in, said she, bursting into tears, and the absolute

absolute necessity I am under of leaving you, and seeking shelter in some place of safety.—But tell me, how I may travel undiscovered?—I am too much terrified to judge for myself.—I should think, madam, said the shepherdes, would you vouchsafe to put on one of my caps and gowns, you would never be found out. *Julia* accepted the offer, and was soon transformed into a shepherdes; —but she appeared so charming, that the good man and his wife both agreed it was impossible for any dress to deprive her of that natural air of dignity, so conspicuous in her every motion.

AFTER some little consideration, he advised her to conceal her sex under a pilgrim's habit, and as she was very tall, thought she might unsuspectedly pass for

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a young

a young man. She approved his council, and entreated him to buy what was requisite at *Sienna*. He set out instantly to execute her orders; and whilst he is thus employed, let us return to what passed in *Florence*.

THE very night, as I have before observed, that *Julia* was seized by persons unknown, had been fixed upon by *Alberti* for the same design, *Isabella*, seduced by one of *Lucilla's* women to discontinue her attendance longer than ordinary, and beginning to fear she might keep her lady up too late, entered her apartment, soon after she had been forced from it. Seeing the fragments of her veil on the floor, the table, chairs, and candles overturned, and *Julia* gone, she concluded some new misfortune had

had happened, and cried out in a manner that alarmed the family, particularly the senator, who was preparing for the commencement of the scene he intended to exhibit. The distress of *Isabella* announced the cause; in a transport of despair, he ordered his servants, already armed, to pursue the ravishers.—He learned from the porter of the gate *La Croix*, that money had been given him to admit a coach and six to pass in the night, under pretence of avoiding the heat of the weather. *Leander*, disturbed with the uproar in the house, mounted his horse, and joined the train by the time they overtook the coach; the battle, from the superiority of numbers on the *Alberti* side was of short duration: the chief finding himself wounded, essayed to gain the

tains, followed by his servants; one only was disabled from proceeding farther, whom *Leander* observing dismounted, and taking off his masque, used every persuasion to induce him to reveal the truth. But all he could obtain was, that apparently, his master was in love with *Julia*, as he had long since formed a resolution to carry her off;—that what precipitated the execution of this design, was a servant of *Alberti's*, whom he had bribed to facilitate his enterprize, advertising him that the senator intended taking the lady away that very night. *Leander* asked the name of his master, but received no answer to that question.—Consider, sir, said the man, in a voice scarcely articulate, I am dying, and allow me a few minutes.

notes to reconcile myself with *Heaven*. A quarter of an hour decided his fate.

ALBERTI returned to *Florence* in the most violent agitation of mind, and when he had shut himself up in his closet, recollected a paper he had gathered up in *Julia's* apartment, which seemed her own hand-writing; taking it from his pocket, he soon had the sensible mortification to be convinced her heart was engaged; and that this prepossession accounted for her coldness.

I FLATTERED myself, he exclaimed, that at least her indifference was general, and that she treated me with as much complaisance as she did the rest of the world!——Alas! how much

much was I mistaken ! that profound melancholy in which she was plunged, was the effect of her lover's absence, and the contemptuous scorn with which she repaid my addresses, was a sacrifice she offered to his vanity ; ruminating long who this dear *Hyppolitus* might be,—to whom the letter was addressed, he recollected the brother of *Julia*, the handsome,—the accomplished *Hyppolitus*, formed to charm, and to be charmed ! A mortal trepidation seized him at the idea of his formidable rival ! Good *Heaven* ! said he, can I have the temerity at my age, to contend with him for so fair a prize ?

PENETRATED with grief, he entered his daughter-in-law's apartment.—Calm my disturbed

turbed imagination *Lucilla*, said he with impetuosity;—I know your brother is the lover of your *English* friend? I conjure you not to dissemble. *Lucilla* hesitated what she ought to reply, and her embarrassment denoted some mystery she was unwilling to explain.

SHE could no longer resist the importunity of *Alberti*, or avoid relating the history of *Julia*.—Surprized and shocked at the thought of what she had suffered through his persecution, anguish overwhelmed his spirits.—What exquisite distress had you spared me, said *Alberti*, when his words could find a passage, had you sooner judged me worthy of confidence. Witness to the birth of my passion, you knew the impossibility of its success; yet would

would not endeavour to stop the course of a torrent that hurls me down the precipice of life ! Adding some severe reproaches to these words.—Torn with love, jealousy, despair,—he left *Lucilla* abruptly, so disordered, he was obliged to be put to bed : a burning fever ensued which in a few days reduced him to the last extremity. He died tenderly regretted by his worthy son, and the rest of his friends.

WHILST they paid the tribute of tears to the memory of *Alberti*, the unfortunate, but innocent cause of his death, quitted the hovel where she had been sheltered several days, in a pilgrim's attire, first gratifying her kind hosts with all the money she could spare, and requesting the conveyance of a letter to *Lucilla*,
re-

relating her disastrous adventure, and her resolution to travel out of the reach of her enemies.— She then took the road to *Boulogna*, intending to proceed from thence to *Rome* and *Venice*, hoping in one of these cities to be so fortunate as to find her father, or at least to meet with some of his friends, whom respect to his worth might induce to place her in a convent, till she could appear in the world with security.

HER thoughts were still occupied with the four masqued adventurers; and after an infinite variety of conjectures, she at length thought it must be an exploit of the Marquis *Strozzi's*, descended from one of the first families in *Florence*. This nobleman was just returned from making

making the tour of *Europe*, and had expressed an extravagant admiration of *Julia*, far surpassing the common emotions excited by beauty. He had merit, was brave and enterprising; and several of his adventures she had heard recounted, confirmed this character; besides he was a *Florentine*, and had little to apprehend from the consequence of offering violence to a stranger, whose distance from her country deprived her of the assistance of relations to revenge the outrage. — These considerations bid her to believe the ravisher could be no other than *Strozzi*.

JULIA'S person was completely elegant, that the habit of a pilgrim could not prevent her being regarded with inquisitive applause by all spectators. —

She

She had cut her hair like the men; it fell in loose curls on her shoulders, but the scorching rays of the sun were unable to alter the beauty of its colour; or that of the delicate complexion it shaded.—She was obliged to make short stages, as her constitution was too tender to endure long ones without fatigue; and having passed *Ficresol* on the great *Appennine* road, she drew near *Bologna*, when she was delighted with the entrance into a pleasant wood, and to find the air perfumed with orange and myrtle trees. The sun was setting.—The gentle murmur of a rivulet, whose banks were bordered with turf, invited her to repose, and furnished a bed as commodious as she could expect, under the shade of a spreading tree, whose root served for a pillow, whilst

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the great hat the pilgrims wear, formed a kind of umbrella.——
Julia, faint and weary, sunk into the arms of sleep. Two circumstances soon caused her to wake in the utmost agony and surprize: —the sensation of pain on finding her leg pierced with an arrow, was mingled with terror at the sound of horns, and the cry of dogs and huntsmen.——She shrieked with anguish, and was essaying to extract the point of the arrow, when she beheld three ladies mounted on fine horses; the gallantry of their dress and appearance, suspended for a short space the torture of her wound, in the admiration they excited. A bow fastened to her girdle, and a quiver of arrows at her shoulder, gave the principal fair one, the air of *Diana* attended by her nymphs.

IN

IN the most charming accent she expressed her grief and vexation, on sight of the pilgrim wounded by her own arrow!—By what unhappy fatality, she exclaimed, have I been driven to commit this cruel action, when I was only displaying the dexterity of my aim to these ladies? Never surely were two persons so unfortunate! The pity you bestow, madam, said *Julia* in a languishing tone of voice, is capable of asswaging the anguish of the wound you have given! I fear it affords little comfort in the situation to which I have reduced you, to assure you my compassion is strongly moved, replied the lady, and as the first step towards attonement for my innocent crime, I entreat you will consent to be removed to my house till your cure is perfected.

She immediately ordered one of her gentlemen to bind up the pilgrim's wound, and convey him in a chaise to the castle.

JULIA, in her desponding state, could see nothing more eligible than what was proposed; thanking her for her generous care, she, by the help of her attendant, got into the chaise.—He acquainted her on the way, that his lady was lately married;—that she belonged to the house of *Becarelli*, very considerable in *Bologna*; that she was an only child, and her father, regretting the extinction of an illustrious name, resolved to choose a son-in-law, who would adopt that and his arms: to which he had added an immense fortune.—That the marquiss of *Becarelli*, her husband's title, had been
some

some time from home, and that the huntresses in her party were relations and neighbours, fond of those diversions suitable to their rank.

He then interrogated *Julia* where she was travelling; excuse me sir, continued he, if I say you appear too much above your habit, that though I never saw you before, I am persuaded you are a man of quality.—It is of no consequence what I am, replied *Julia*, but to satisfy your enquiry, I will inform you my name is *Silvis*, that I am going to *Loretto*;—and that fortune has placed me in a condition to have nothing more to fear.—You let me into the secret in a few words, continued the attendant, but persons to whom nature has been so lavish, can, I

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should imagine, have no real cause for that fixed melancholy observable in your countenance. Here the chaise stopped, and the stranger was led into a magnificent apartment.

THE marchioness's valet de chambre who was a good surgeon, dressed *Silvis's* leg, for so I shall call him at present.— The arrow had glanced along the surface, so 'as to occasion acute pain, but had not entered deep enough for any danger to be apprehended. When the marchioness and the two ladies returned, they hastened to the pilgrim's chamber; her gentleman recounted the conversation between them, and she subscribed the justness of his remarks, that there was something noble and commanding in *Silvis's* physiognomy,

signomy that spoke him a person of distinction. She stayed but a short time; yet the idea of the lovely pilgrim played round her heart in such a manner she got no sleep all the night, and under the pretext of charity, renewed her visit early in the morning.

ARE you more easy? said she, in the most obliging manner, and have you pardoned the injury I have been guilty of?—
 Madam, answered *Silvis*, were you more acquainted with my disposition, you would not believe so slight a wound could raise my resentment. I protest, on the contrary, I esteem it a happiness to receive it from so fair a hand. The marchioness affected inattention to the gallantry of a compliment which penetrated her
 very

very foul ; and seemed to indicate she had not made a flighter impression on the heart of the young stranger than he had done on her's.

HAVE you ever seen any thing half so charming *Eugenia*? said she to a favourite maid in whom she confided. Did you observe with what fond expression the young *Silvis* regarded me?—I read his heart, and the agitation he has thrown mine into is too alarming for me to run the hazard of seeing him again. She so far conquered her inclination as to refrain visiting *Silvis* for several days; feigning not to be well, to avoid suspicion of the cause; but absent from her sight, he was still present in her imagination.

SHE

SHE sought to indulge her melancholy thoughts in solitude; and Signiora *Becarelli* her father, who lived at *Bologna*, and came frequently to see his daughter, was surprized and uneasy at the alteration he observed. After near a fortnight's restraint, passing by *Silvis's* apartment, when the door happened to be open, she entered involuntarily. He was lying on the bed, and she perceived by the redness of his eyes, and the sound of his voice, he had been weeping.

THIS she attributed to grief for her absence. Her boasted self-denial was overset the moment she was flattered with a tender share in his remembrance, and her heart irrecoverably lost. What is it disturbs you *Silvis*? she began, you seem oppressed with

with sorrow! Madam, said he, I am not yet so familiar with affliction as to have it sit easy upon me;—my misfortunes always appear new! But, returned the marchioness, are you not ingenious in seeking them yourself?—O, no, replied the pilgrim. Fate has crushed me with woes unsought, and I confess, madam, I no longer listen to the flatterer, hope!

HERE they both fell into a profound reverie.—The marchioness viewing all things through the medium of passion, was persuaded *Silvis* adored her.—Whilst *Silvis*, regardless of the deep-fetched sighs of the young marchioness, contemplated the peculiar severity of a confinement that retarded the chance of meeting *Hyppolitus*.—
un-

able to renew the conversation, the fair marchioness retired in apparent discomposure. Convinced *Silvis* was infinitely dear to her, sensibility encreased her affliction.

WHICH ever way I turn, the course of reflection, said she to *Eugenia*, I find only fresh subjects for distress.—The most poignant of all, is the weakness of my own heart.—If I have resigned my fate to the direction of another,—every sigh I rob him of, is an injury to my fame, and a breach of connubial duty:—consider, my dear *Eugenia*, how many disgraceful circumstances attend this infatuation.—I am ignorant who *Silvis* is,—a stranger whom I meet with in a pilgrim's dress;—perhaps of ignoble descent;—perhaps
un-

worthy the preference I give him.
—One thing alone is certain,—
he will soon depart,—no more to
return!—Ah ; fatal arrow,—
the wound thou gavest will
quickly be healed ! But that
which this too amiable un-
known, has imprinted on my
heart, is, alas ! incurable !

SOME days passed without a
renewal of her visits ; but as *Sil-*
vis began to walk tolerably, he
thought it his duty to wait on
the marchioness ; and could not
avoid remarking the alternate
changes of colour whilst he ac-
costed her ; he feared she was ill,
but respect kept him silent. She
obliged him to sit,—and after re-
garding him attentively for some
moments, I fear we shall not
prevail with you to stay with us
much longer *Silvis*, said she, you
will

will soon be in a situation to travel; but may I not hope before you leave us, your complaisance will oblige me with the real name of him I wounded, and for whose recovery I suffered so great anxiety?

MADAM, replied *Silvis*, I am an unfortunate man, undeserving the obliging curiosity you are pleased to express;—my birth and fortune equally contracted. —The meanness of my appearance sufficiently indicates that of my condition.—The little you reveal, rejoined the marchioness, implies there is much more to be known.—If your rank answers the dignity of your appearance,—not many are superior!—but since you may have reasons for not revealing your quality, at least favour me

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with one mark of confidence?—Is your heart engaged? This question is not meant to entangle you in a circumstantial detail, that may explain more than you intend;—but if you have the least regard to my satisfaction, you ought to answer it sincerely.

THE recollection of past happiness, drew a tender sigh from *Silvis*.—Madam, replied he, plaintively, I will confess I love!—I despair!—and am destined to a life of misfortune!—These words confirming the marchioness in her error, she blushed, and with downcast eyes, continued silent a long while;—at last,—You must depart *Silvis*,—but will not absence teach you to forget me? I will sooner forget my own existence than the
re-

remembrance of those favours, madam, your goodness has rendered indelible!—Apprehending a longer visit might be impertinent,——*Silvis* withdrew to her apartment.

AH *Silvis*! said the marchioness when she found herself at liberty to complain,—you abandon me;—you are upon the eve of departure;—and yet, if appearances are not very deceitful, you love!—Why not then find some pretence to prolong your abode? Is it that unknowing of my folly, you dread the strength of your own attachment? But fly, charming *Silvis*, fly! I consent to it.—Your presence only augments my woes.—Perhaps in ceasing to behold,—I may cease to love you!—A flood of tears that could no

O 2, longer

longer be restrained, obliged her to remain some hours in her closet, nor did *Silvis* seek any occasion to see or speak to her of some days;—but finding her wound perfectly cured, he sought the marchioness to take his humble leave,—and thank her in the most grateful terms for her humane behaviour; adding that the best testimony he could shew of his gratitude, would be to publish in all places where fate should lead him, that her generosity was equal to her merit and beauty.

THE marchioness exerted all her fortitude to conceal the violence of her emotions in this cruel moment.—Go—*Silvis*, said she, accomplish your vows;—be assured mine shall be incessantly poured forth for your felicity!

licity ! Saying he should set out the next morning at day-break, after again repeating his thanks, he left the marchioness.

THE night was sultry,—— without undressing, *Silvis* had thrown herself across the bed, hoping by a short sleep, to be more able to travel in the morning : but the young marchioness could not resolve to let him depart, without saying once more adieu ! She went silently out of her bed-chamber ; the splendor of a moonlight night, rendered a candle unnecessary ; and perhaps thereflexion that her blushes would be concealed, should she not be able to restrain some tender expressions, induced her not to take one ; she also was tempted to present him with her picture ; that so endearing an evidence of her regard, might bind her more

O 3 forcibly.

forcibly not to forget her.—
The curtains of the bed were drawn up in festoons. *Silvis* was fast asleep, his hair in graceful negligence, shaded his cheeks, and his exquisite beauty recalled to the marchioness's remembrance the idea of *Cupid*, when the imprudent *Psyche* gratified her fatal curiosity. Ah *Silvis*, said she, passionately regarding him, wert thou really enamoured, couldst thou enjoy such tranquil slumbers on the eve of our separation? Can it be possible, that in the moment thou art preparing my lasting anguish, thou remainest calm and undisturbed? Not daring to wake him, she hung over him “with looks of cordial
“love,” whilst the pale light that glanced through the windows served to discern the unparalleled charms of the lovely stranger.

stranger.—What in nature is there half so perfect? she exclaimed in the softest tone of admiration.—Language fails in the description of thy beauty! who can resist its attraction!

THUS intoxicated with that insidious passion which glided imperceptibly through all her veins, she dropped the miniature painting into *Silvis's* pocket, anticipating his pleasing surprize at finding an unhop'd for favour, so inestimably dear. She was just going to withdraw, when, impelled by the violence of her passion, she could not forbear pressing his lips with a parting kiss, and throwing her arm round him, sunk on his breast in a state of forgetfulness.—But, O God! what were her emotions when she felt the stroke of a poinard, and recognized the face of her husband,

husband, the Marquis *Becarelli*, who only quitted her to wreak his vengeance on *Silvis*; starting at the noise, and terrified with the impending danger, he endeavoured to fly,—which the enraged marquis prevented by stabbing him in the arm; and preparing to repeat the blow, the two gentlemen who accompanied him interposed, asking if he recollected the plan they had formed, which would be frustrated by his rashness? They then dragged *Silvis* up the stairs of a tower, and fastened the door.

THE unhappy marchioness, fainting and weltering in the blood that gushed from her wound, was ordered by the marquis to be conveyed and confined with rigid severity in her
apart-

apartment. It is not easy to conceive the horror of her situation less anxious for her own fate, than for his she loved, trembling lest her husband should have sacrificed an innocent victim to the transports of jealous fury ; yet, however impatient her desire of information, forbearing to gratify it from the fear of having her apprehensions confirmed ;— and a repugnance to trust any of her servants, by some of whom she knew she had been betrayed. Nor was this suggestion a mistaken one :—*Eugenia*, that girl who had her unreserved confidence, was seduced by the marquis, no impracticable attempt when promises and pecuniary rewards are employed, to inspect the conduct of the marchioness during his absence. He enjoined her

her to write him a regular account of all that passed, which she had been punctual in performing, not omitting a syllable of all her mistress's encomiums on *Silvis*, and the extravagance of her passion. Irritated to the greatest degree, the marquis secretly arrived, and *Eugenia* dextrously concealed him for two days, till he could meet with an opportunity to detect his wife with her gallant.

His first design was to have her shut up in a religious house, and to obtain an order for taking possession of her estate, and for criminal prosecution against *Silvis*.—But, no longer master of his resentment, when he found her lying by her lover's side, the first transports of his wrath were ungovernable. Imprisoned in a
lonely

lonely tower, the wretched *Julia*, sinking under pain and misfortune, uncertain of her destiny;—unassisted by the kind hand of humanity;—undetermined how to act, was in a state so deplorable, as must have awakened pity in the breast of her most bitter enemy.—To reveal her sex, seemed the most infallible means of justifying the marchioness, and obtaining liberty.—On the point of desiring her guards to acquaint the Marquis *Becarelli* she requested to speak to him, a sudden reflexion that the very expedient she used to prevent, might hasten her destruction, checked her voice: she feared the frantic rage of a jealous husband who had poinarded his wife, should, when her innocence was demonstrated, punish the unhappy cause of his error. That to avoid the
re-

resentment of her family when the affair was cleared up,—he might be tempted to devote *Julia* to perpetual imprisonment.—These apprehensions led her to think it the safest way to be delivered into the hands of justice, which would, at least, free her from the marquis's authority.

SHE passed a very wretched night.—They had dressed her wound, and in searching her pockets, found the marchioness's picture, a fresh proof of guilt.—*Julia* was excessively astonished, at the sight of a picture she had no knowledge of, any more than by what method it came into her possession. Early the next morning, she was hurried into a coach, and surrounded by officers of justice who insulted her tears, as proofs of cowardice and timidity,

timidity, conveyed to a prison in *Bologna*: here she gave vent to her complaints.——Dear *Hypolitus*, said she, with a deep sigh, could fancy paint at this very instant, your faithful *Julia* loaded with irons,——in a pilgrim's dress—a fugitive from the grasp of ruffians,—twice wounded!——stretched on the damp floor of a dungeon! alas! what would be your distraction?——Ah! rather ought I not to believe you have abandoned me.—Ought I not indeed to be convinced your cruel silence can proceed from nothing but decay of affection.——And must I add to all my other woes, the heart-rending idea that you love me no more.

THE marchioness was likewise conducted to *Bologna*, and, notwithstanding the pain her wound occasioned, would actually have been carried to the public prison, had not the influence of her father, whose birth and fortune gave him great consideration in the city, prevailed to have her place of confinement in a neighbouring castle.

AN adventure so extraordinary,——the rank of the persons concerned,——made a great noise in the world:——each side had its partisans; but what corroborated the allegations of the marquiss more than any other thing, was the irresistible charms of the fair pilgrim. Several ladies, whose curiosity led them to the prison, felt their hearts in du-
rance;

rance; nor were there many whose dispositions were not as favourable towards *Silvis*, as those of the fair marchioness.

YET, though few doubted the reality of the crime she was accused of, the credit of her father balanced the justice of the cause; and he had engaged the opinion of the most eminent council, in favour of his daughter. Hearing she would probably be acquitted, the marquis was in the utmost perplexity;—he was sensible the tryal would go against him; unless his proceedings was supported with prudence and vigour, which commenced in a storm of rash impetuosity. Under this embarrassment, a thought struck him, that he imagined might possibly

counteract the machinations against him,——he presented a petition that, to avoid any imputation of partiality, as he himself was a foreigner, the judges should be half *Italians*, and the other half of his own country; a division equally just and usual in criminal causes. Count *Bentivoglio* the governor of *Bologna*, undertook to find out persons of acknowledged integrity, and the father of the marchioness, as well as her husband, depended absolutely on his promise.

THE city waited impatiently the event of this interesting trial, and the governor, in complaisance to the marchioness, appointed it at the castle where she was imprisoned.

THE

THE concourse of people of fashion was greater than had been seen on many occasions.— The fair marchioness was dressed in mourning, suitable to the solemnity of the day, which added to her paleness caused by loss of blood, as well as anxiety of mind. Her beauty shone under the black cloud that shaded it; when her father, venerably graceful as unfortunate, led her into the court, accompanied by the rest of his family.

SILVIS entered at another door bending under the weight of fetters, which even in this deplorable state, all beholders thought him more formed to impose than to wear! Both cast themselves in a supplicating attitude, their eyes streaming with tears, at the

feet of their judges. I mean not less to appeal to your justice, said the marchioness, than to implore your pity.——Alas, gentlemen, I am unfortunate without being guilty! I call *Heaven* to witness my innocence! he who accuses me with so much virulence and so little respect and tenderness to my character, builds his assertions on weak and ill-grounded conjectures.

BEFORE *Silvis* could address the judges, the marquiss *Becarelli*, advanced with the gentlemen who had found his wife in *Silvis's* chamber; the miniature painting in his hand; behold, said he, an indubitable witness of a criminal correspondence!—a woman of virtue would never have given her picture to a base-born

born pilgrim! nor will he dare to deny we surprized her in his arms.

SILVIS, to whom I shall now restore her original name of *Julia*, thunderstruck with his voice, and lifting her eyes with terror on her accuser, became pale,—trembled,—and, at last, fainted. Every one ran to her assistance, particularly a stranger, one of her judges,—who instantly recollecting her features, embraced her with arduous delight!—exclaiming O, *Julia*! adorable *Julia*! is not this illusion! Can it be that thou art again restored to this fond heart, which so long has wept and lamented thee in the tomb!

THE

THE whole audience regarded the cavalier as insane ! yet his words animated the lifeless fair one ; she opened her lovely eyes, and the first objects that caught her returning senses, were her dear *Hyppolitus*, and the earl of *Bedford* ! The universal clamour,——the repetition of the name of *Julia* from every tongue,——caused another of her judges to descend from the bench.

WELCOME your darling child ! said *Hyppolitus*, addressing him, your *Julia*, my lord ! The earl of *Warwick*, pressed her to his breast, in speechless extasy !——Falling on her knees, she grasped his hand with reverential duty, whilst she moistened it with the tears of affection ! Now gazing on her father ;——now on *Hyp-
politus* !

Hyppolitus ! Her soul was agitated with every tender, every rapturous emotion !

THE earl of *Bedford's* sensation was of a different nature. The Marchioness *Becarelli*,—her father,—Count *Bentivoglio*,—and as many as could approach, were eager to express their congratulations, though the cause was too intricate to be easily comprehended.

JULIA, transported beyond her accustomed moderation, superior to that timidity the sight of the earl of *Bedford* had at first inspired, declared in an audible voice, she was the daughter of the earl of *Warwick*.—The judges immediately rose, and a confused murmur of acclamations
suc-

succeeded ;—but was soon hushed into profound silence, when waving her hand, she added, that the earl of *Bedford*, the persecutor and husband of the Marchioness *Becarelli*, was likewise her husband, and consequently had two wives. A fact he could not deny.

THUS the whole course of the prosecution was changed, in favour of the two ladies, who now entered a process against the earl of *Bedford*.

THE earl of *Warwick* and Signior *Becarelli*, demanded of Count *Bentivoglio*, that the earl of *Bedford's* person might be secured ; which, conformable to the laws of the country, was complied with, and the earl conducted.

conducted to prison.—The particulars he related, were as follows :

“ THAT believing *Juli* dead,
 “ from the letter wrote by the
 “ abbess of St. *Menoux*, he left
 “ *England* with an intention to
 “ travel; beginning with *Italy*,
 “ as a part of the world where
 “ he had many relations on his
 “ mother’s side, with whom he
 “ wished to be acquainted:—
 “ Signior *Becarelli* being of the
 “ number, he went to visit him
 “ at *Bologna*; where he saw
 “ Signiora *Becarelli*, his daughter,
 “ and became distractedly
 “ in love;—his solicitations
 “ gained her father’s consent, on
 “ condition of taking the name
 “ and arms of his family.—
 “ That sometime after his marriage,

“ marriage, he went with his
“ father-in-law to *Florence*,
“ where, one day at vespers, he
“ beheld *Lucilla*, accompanied
“ by a lady in a widow’s dress,
“ whom he soon discovered to
“ be *Julia*, and thought he must
“ have dropped from his seat at
“ a rencounter so marvelous and
“ unexpected; that unwilling
“ to acquaint Signior *Becarelli*
“ with so unfortunate an event,
“ he applied his industry in cor-
“ rupting a domestick of Sena-
“ tor *Alberti’s*, to assist in the
“ execution of a project he had
“ formed: that he afterwards
“ returned to *Bologna*, where he
“ remained some time with the
“ marchioness, but with a mind
“ restless and apprehensive lest
“ *Julia* should, by some unlucky
“ chance, be informed of his se-
“ cond

“ cond engagement, and take
 “ advantage of it to revenge the
 “ confinement he had made her
 “ endure.

“ THAT these considerati-
 “ ons prompted him to leave
 “ the city, after first securing a
 “ reception for *Julia* in a con-
 “ vent near *Sienna*, where he
 “ intended to have shut her up
 “ for life: but receiving intelli-
 “ gence from the servant in his
 “ pay, that he had not a mo-
 “ ment to lose in eloping with the
 “ fair *English* lady, whose lover
 “ he concluded he was, because
 “ his master, *Alberti*, had com-
 “ manded him to be ready that
 “ very night, to take her out of
 “ her apartment by force.—
 “ That on this information he
 “ repaired with a party of his
 VOL. III. Q “ ser-

“ servants masqued, and finding
“ the garden gate open, through
“ means of his emissary, placed
“ his wife in the coach without
“ molestation. But their flight
“ being soon retarded by the
“ pursuit of *Alberti*, he faced
“ the enemy, and received a pis-
“ tol shot that made it necessary
“ for him to stop at *Sienna*;
“ where he constantly heard what
“ passed at his own house from
“ *Eugenia*, whom he employed as
“ a spy on the marchioness’s
“ conduct: from her he learnt
“ that the marchioness was
“ strangely captivated with a
“ handsome pilgrim whom she
“ had lodged in the castle, and
“ that enraged with so gross an
“ indignity, he was incapable of
“ controuling his resentment.”

IN

IN this desolate state, a prey to rage and jealousy, the earl was seized with a violent fever, whose first symptoms were extremely unfavourable.—The wound received in the skirmish, and which impatience to punish the imaginary wrong done to his honour, made him neglect, broke out again.

BUT whilst he was thus tormented, the earl of *Warwick*, *Hyppolitus*, and *Julia*, tasted all the satisfaction that can be conceived in a situation so agreeable to their wishes. The happy pair reciprocally recounted their melancholy adventures, mutually shedding tears for each others sufferings, and hardly persuading themselves to credit the reality of their present happiness. No

Q 2 words,

words, my dear *Julia*, said *Hypopolitus*, can give you the least idea of the agonizing torture I endured by the fatal report of your death.——To follow you to the grave was the only hope I indulged; and it has always appeared to me since, that my determined resolution to seek death in every place where danger pointed, was the true reason that, like a coward he fled my pursuit; for I never received one wound in the numerous engagements in the service of the knights of *Malta*. Despairing therefore of dying in the cause of religion, and finding no diminution of my sorrow, from the effects of time, I resolved to pay a visit to my sister, from the melancholy motive of repeating with one who loved her memory, the mournful

ful tale of fond affection? I acquainted my two friends with my intention. The earl of *Warwick* would accompany me, as our honour was engaged to renew the campaign, but as he had been wounded in several actions, rest was judged indispensibly necessary for his health.

As to Lord *Sussex*, letters from the countess of *Northampton*, inspired him with hopes that their union would not be much longer retarded; and the sincerity of his passion urged him instantly to embark for *England*. The earl of *Warwick* and I, remained at *Venice*, till he thought himself sufficiently recruited; but the exercise of a carriage made him so much worse, he was obliged to stop in this city, where

we soon were visited by Count *Bentivoglio*: and as the Marquis *Becarelli's* adventure was the general topick of conversation, and attended with intricate circumstances, he brought us daily something new relating to one or other of the parties.—Alas! could I ever have thought that that pilgrim loaded with chains in a horrible dungeon, was my dear *Julia*! for whom my tears flowed incessantly. By the care of providence, however, the Marquis *Becarelli*, or more properly the earl of *Bedford*, was induced to demand, part of the judges might be *English*, to counterbalance the partiality of the *Italians*. The governor requested us to be of the number. Strange turn of fate, that I, of all men, should be appointed to sit in judgment
on

on the earl of *Bedford* and you.—
You, whom I revere as my sovereign, and him whom I assuredly regard as my mortal enemy!

THE rest madam, you know ;
——but what you can never sufficiently comprehend is, the joy,
——the satisfaction,——the rapture
I have felt, ever since that fortunate incident !

JULIA answered these effusions of a worthy heart, with the most charming frankness ; and said every thing to convince *Hyppolitus* of her invariable attachment, and just sensibility of a passion so constant and tender.

How

How shall I describe the confusion and grief of the marchioness *Becarelli*, when beholding *Julia*, she could not forget her weakness for *Silvis*? That ideal charmer reigned so despotically in her heart, she was truly an object of commiseration!—I blush to confess to you, addressing *Julia*, that I have suffered more anguish from the annihilation of *Silvis*, than from all the misfortunes of my life.—For though I firmly resolved to see him no more, and preferred death to dishonour. There was a satisfaction in reflecting he existed in some part of the world, and that we might one day meet again. But this discovery renders my singular calamity irremediable. I am consumed by the ardour of a chimerical flame!—

In-

Indeed, my dear marchioness, interrupted *Julia*, you will find my heart disposed to give you all its friendship, and I sincerely assure you *Silvis* did not love you half so well as *Julia* does!—The fair *Italian* was unable to reply but by her sighs:—she regarded *Julia* with looks expressive of despair, and left the room drowned in tears.

THE proceedings against the earl of *Bedford* were carried on with such vigour by the two noblemen, that he already began to tremble for the decree; which encreased his malady to so great a degree, that he was reduced to the last extremity.

ON his information, resentment instantly subsiding in the breast

breast of his two wives, was succeeded by pity. They had him carefully removed to the castle, and forgetting all their wrongs, exerted themselves in performing the duties of humanity in his last moments, with a zeal and attention singularly generous and noble.

He expired a martyr to the extravagance of his passions ; and soon after the Marchioness *Becarelli* took an eternal leave of her beloved *Julia*.—I am going, said she, to separate myself from you for ever ; since I cannot be your's, I never will be another's. —But will bury my shame, and my unhappy passion in a convent !

JULIA

JULIA repeatedly pressed her to abandon this gloomy resolution.—She remained inflexible,, and was leaving her apartment,—when, hastily returning, do not refuse my last request? Let me once more behold my conqueror? Resume for a moment the habit that charmed me?

As *Julia* was alone, and thought none but themselves would see what passed, she was complaisant enough to indulge her request; and, stepping into her closet, soon appeared in her pilgrim's dress to the marchioness, who was all impatience: the first glance occasioned so violent a tremour, she was near fainting.—Alas! she exclaimed, I find it a poison, where I sought a
re-

remedy! *Silvis*, adorable *Silvis*! Thou no longer existest but in my heart! All that now appears of thee, I regard as a mere phantom, that neither flatters nor cures my passion!

WITH these words she rose suddenly, and proceeded to the convent she had chosen for her retreat; where soon after, unmoved by the gentle entreaties of her distressed father, she took the veil.

THE earl of *Warwick*, *Hyppolitus*, and *Julia*, having heard of the death of *Alberti*, pursued their journey to *Florence*, where the mourning in which they found their friends, gave place to delightful sensations of joy, at the sight that was dearest to them
on

on earth! *Lucilla* seemed quite frantic; whilst she embraced her *Julia*! The constant anxiety that preyed upon her mind, ignorant of the fate of *Hyppolitus*, and her friend, had interrupted the sweetness of that harmony she enjoyed with a husband of uncommon merit.

LEANDER and *Lucilla* petitioned the earl of *Warwick* no longer to defer completing the the happiness of their amiable friends, whose nuptials were solemnized at *Leander's* country seat. Never did *Phæbus* gild a more auspicious day;—never did *Cupid* inspire two lovers with a higher sense of each others merit!—and never did *Hymen* light his torch with greater complacency than to reward that con-

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stancy which remained invincible to the severest trials.

THEIR arrival in *England* was celebrated with every demonstration of joy.—They found the earl of *Sussex* married to the lovely countess of *Northampton*, and *Hyppolitus*, under the title of earl of *Douglas*, continued to be admired as one of the most accomplished and valiant gentlemen of the age.



F I N I S.

